New Republic

JULY 26, 1948

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THE NEW PARTY:
PERSONALITIES AND PRINCIPLES

THE DEMOCRATS:
CIVIL WAR IN PHILADELPHIA

BERLIN:
WHAT IS U.S. POLICY?

15¢

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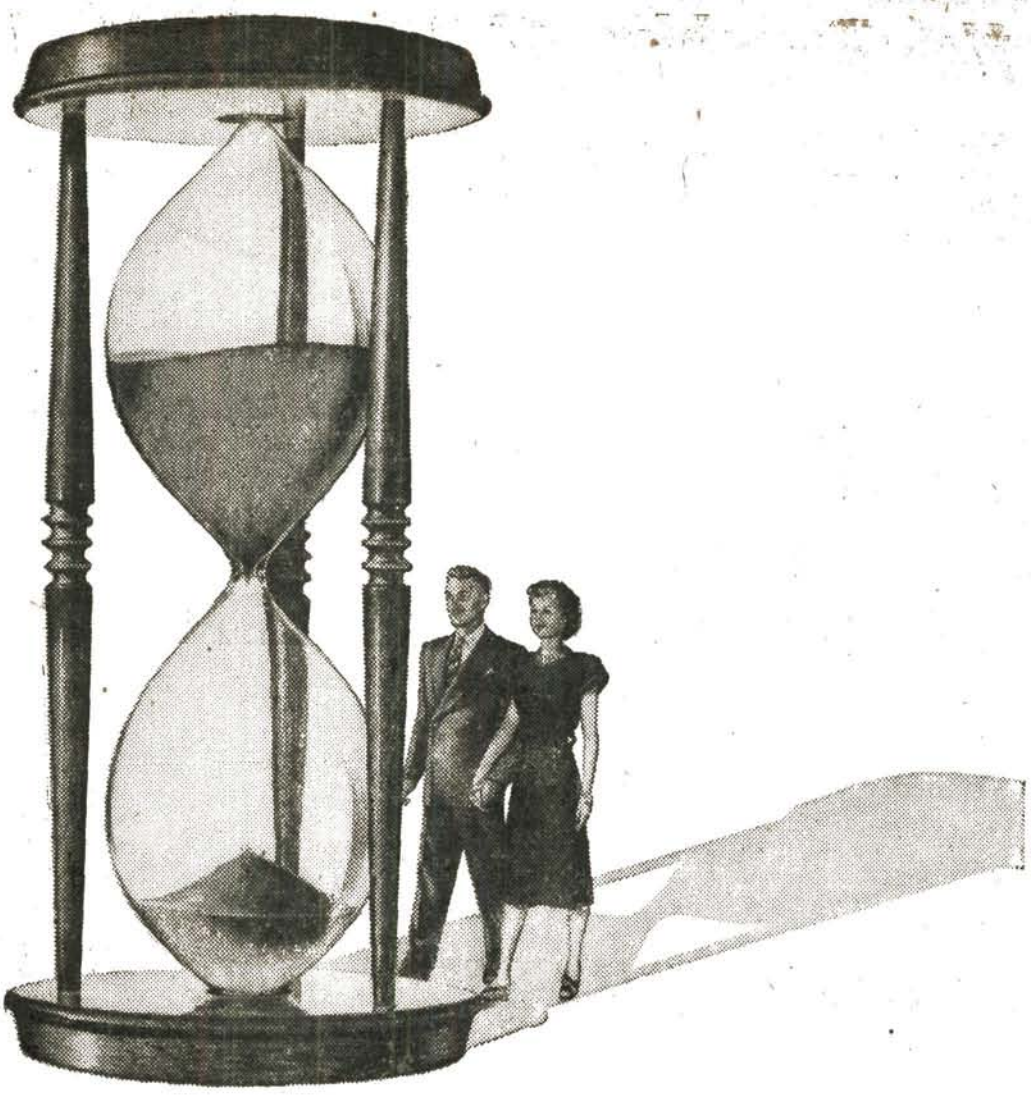

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New Republic

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CONTENTS FOR JULY 26, 1948

5 The Week:
5 Berlin Policy
6 War and Politics in Greece
7 Editorial
9 The Togliatti Case
10 Democratic Convention
15 The New Party
19 Austria's Growing Unrest
22 Books
27 Theatre
28 Radio
29 Movies
31 Correspondence

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WASHINGTON WIRE

HARRY TRUMAN may not have given his party victory at Philadelphia, but he gave it self-respect. It was fun to see the scrappy little cuss come out of his corner fighting at two in the morning, not trying to use big words any longer, but being himself and saying a lot of honest things that needed to be said. Unaccountably, we found ourself on top of a pine bench cheering.

We have always thought of Truman as Mr. Average Man himself, nice and likable and commonplace and mediocre. These attributes make something of a problem when one is President. But it is the hope of salvation for the average man that you find in him a touch of the divine if you jab around long enough, and there was real splendor in the way Truman took over that convention. As we wrote last week, "he is a stronger campaigner than a lot of people realize."

As for the aptly described "turnip" session of Congress, the right people are against it, including Fulton Lewis Jr., Senator Walter F. George and columnist David Lawrence. Dewey's delay in commenting was understandable enough: poor fellow, he has to wait for a Gallup poll.

We like the session because of our prejudice in favor of the parliamentary system of government with responsibility fixed squarely on the legislature and on the majority party there. What should an election center on if not the legislative record? That is why British and Canadian elections seem so much more realistic than ours. The record of the 80th session is wretched. Committee work was finished on a dozen big bills when Congress quit; if the GOP refuses to enact them now, that shows them up; if they pass them, that is good too. Either way, the public gains.

We doubt if Truman wanted to touch off the Southern revolt. But it had to come sooner or later. The historical moment is here, and the Democratic majority is defying the Confederates. The gratifying thing on this civil-rights issue is the vitality the ancient party shows even at its lowest moment. As for the Southern seceders, they are in a hell of a quandary, if we may say so. The very existence of these old Bourbons depends on a one-party system where nobody votes. They are ten years behind sentiment in the South itself. If they "secede," then the South gets two parties and the competition for votes will be keen enough to end some of the old restrictions, which will be a fine thing. The Atlanta *Constitution* says the big Northern oil companies are financing the revolters in order to protect "states' rights" in tidelands oil. What a charming combination of self-interest and sentiment, Wall Street and magnolia blossoms.

Does Truman have a chance? By his spectacular action at Philadelphia, Truman established the feeling that the Democrats have a fighting chance, which was his party's most urgent need. It is a little too early to say. Actually the outlook is still extremely gloomy for the Democrats. This is partly because of the Wallace faction in key states like New York, Illinois, Michigan and California. Without the Wallace split, Truman might have an outside chance; with it, the brutal fact is, and has to be stated, that many happy Republicans are going to be returned in three-corner races and their states will go GOP.

The Berlin crisis is really a bigger story than the presidential election. It is hard to overemphasize its gravity. Officials here don't want war, and are glad to have public attention distracted by domestic politics. The point

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TWO CONVENTIONS ARE OVER . . . NOW WHAT ABOUT THE

THIRD

★ What is happening at the New Party convention in Philadelphia? How does this party stand on Foreign Policy, Russian-American Relations, "Isms," Military Training, Inflation, Wages, Labor, Palestine, Civil Rights and the host of other important issues of the day? What will be the probable effect of the New Party upon the Congressional Elections?

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to remember is that the US isn't bluffing, though the Russians seem to think so. To commit provocative acts over the Berlin air strip, to threaten to knock down one of our planes as they did the British airliner on April 5, seem simple madness in the present inflammable state of American sentiment. The exchange of notes has stripped the affair of all pretense; this is a direct test of power.

We think the following is an authoritative State Department view; Russia is trying to "sell" us Berlin twice. She sold it to us once in exchange for those parts of the Russian occupation zone which the Western armies liberated; now she wants to sell it to us again for a share in the Ruhr and readmission to western Germany. The Russians seem unaware, now as always, of the reality of American feelings. The Allied air shuttle gives the situation time to develop. The State Department wants no emotionalism; it wants to be cool, deliberate. Russia understands force, and that explains those B-29's and warships. The Department hopes the matter can be kept out of the elections. But one slip of a Soviet plane over Berlin could have terrible consequences.

The biggest political issue in the country is still inflation. Neither party's record is good on this, though the public seems to be tending to blame the GOP more. Truman gallantly resisted pouring $5 billion into the spending stream in tax reduction, but on the other hand he fired Eccles when the latter pushed bank-credit curbs. Controls were necessary in war and are needed now. But here is where economics parts company with politics. If there are price controls, there should be wage controls, too. What party is going to propose that? Furthermore, inflation has reached the point now where any real interference will probably precipitate a recession, brief or otherwise, which would be politically suicidal to any candidate. We expect more demagoguery than action on inflation at the special session, but we are willing to be agreeably surprised.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 4, ISSUE 1756, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 26, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

Policy, Not Tactics, Needed in Berlin

THE REAL ISSUE of the Berlin crisis has now become clear. It is implicit in the last paragraph of the Soviet answer to the US protest note:

> While not objecting to negotiations, the Soviet government, however, deems it necessary to declare it cannot link the start of these negotiations with the fulfilment of any preliminary conditions, and, secondly, that quadripartite negotiations could be effective only if they were not confined to the question of the administration of Berlin, since this question cannot be separated from the general question of quadripartite control in relation to Germany.

Translated from the jargon of diplomacy, this means that the Soviets will not give up their blackmail power (the blockade of Berlin) until the Western Allies have agreed to pay (given their consent to four-power discussions of the whole German question). And translated into the language of military power politics, it means two things:

1. The Soviets would like to force the Westerners out of Berlin in order to consolidate all of eastern Germany, both economically and militarily, as a permanent threat to the existence of the western German state which Washington and London are in process of creating.

2. Even more important, the Soviets would like to use four-power talks as a means of getting a voice in the control of the Ruhr.

Under ordinary circumstances, the quoted paragraph of the Soviet note might have been read as a bid for a simple diplomatic deal. That is, the Soviets would give up their blackmail as soon as the price was paid. But the present circumstances are not ordinary. There is every reason to believe that Washington and London are prepared not to make a deal, even if their refusal means risking an "incident" in Berlin that might have the gravest consequences.

The reason for this refusal has been clear since at least last January, when Secretary Marshall told a gathering of Pittsburgh businessmen that the US must either see European recovery through or quit. The real issue, therefore, is whether the US will stick to its policy or quit. On the economic side, European recovery depends on the success of ECA. ECA cannot be fully successful unless western Germany revives, and this, in turn, means the development and use of the resources of the Ruhr for all of Europe.

There is, however, another side to the picture. That is the military. Europe cannot recover without security against the East. There is good ground for believing that Washington and London balk at four-power talks on the "general question of quadripartite control in relation to Germany" for exactly the reasons that make them desirable to Moscow. It begins to look, from the military power-politics viewpoint, as if we were stalling for time and taking the Berlin risks in the hope of hanging on long enough to consolidate Western control of the Ruhr, both economic and military.

It is a dangerous game, but it may be the only possible one. Indeed, it may be necessary to keep the Soviets from getting a part in the control of the Ruhr, not only because we need to consolidate western Germany economically but because we need to build it up as a military bulwark against a possible Soviet advance on Western Europe.

Nevertheless, the time has come to stop diplomatic double-talk which confuses the American people but not the Europeans. Precisely because the Berlin situation contains the danger of an "incident," the American people have the right to a clear restatement of how our Berlin policy fits in with our German and general European policy.

The Soviets have forced us into the position of playing a dangerous game of military power politics against them. For those many Americans who feel that we are meeting immorality with immorality, we should define again the large moral issues, set forth the stakes, and make clear what we intend to do to play for them. On the military side, while avoiding a direct guarantee of Western Europe, we have openly moved toward a position in a pattern of bilateral or even multilateral pacts. On the moral and political issues, where hypocrisy can hurt us most, we should be even more frank.

Western Europeans also have the

Mufti of Madrid

ASSAD SALAME, Lebanese Chargé d'Affaires in Madrid, has conferred his country's Order of Merit on Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Spain, he said, was a "potentially close friend of the Arab states." The decoration was granted, he explained, because "Spain and the Arab world are the only bulwark against communism."

The Generalissimo accepted the decoration with thanks, adding it to his large collection, which includes medals given him by Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo when Spain and the Fascist world were the only bulwark against communism.

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right to a full and frank restatement of our policies. The absence of clarity on our part is hurting their confidence in us and our moral intentions. And it would be the Western Europeans, not our own people, who would suffer most from the consequences of a possible "incident" in Berlin.

Already delay is having a bad effect in France, and not only because French nerves fray more quickly than American in a war of nerves. If US policy were to lead the Soviets to attack, the French would bear the brunt of the impact. All along, the French have been more cool than the Americans and the British to the creation of a strong western Germany. Their historical experience gives them the right to fear German industrial and military power. It has not been for love of communism that successive French governments have shown a willingness to allow the Soviets a voice in the control of the Ruhr.

The recent conduct of Lieutenant General Joseph-Pierre Koenig, the governor of the French zone of occupation, is illuminating. He is an ardent supporter of General Charles de-Gaulle; and it has appeared that he might be trying to use the Schuman government's consent to joint Western steps on Germany as a means of helping the Gaullist cause in France. Further delay in Washington's declaring itself clearly might bring de Gaulle to power in Paris. And with de Gaulle we might have something like the problem that Moscow has with Tito.

Greek Generals Prefer Politics

ATHENS (NR correspondent)

THE GREEK ARMY'S first major offensive against the northern guerrillas since the Truman Doctrine was proclaimed has run into a snag. Three weeks after the attack was launched, the army was still trying to capture positions it was to have seized in a "lightning victory." There is much talk of "superior bandit defenses." Some even say that Markos Vafiades may hold his base on Mount Grammos until autumn rains and snows make it impregnable to attack.

Having placed too much faith in the effect of American starch on the Greek army, the US Military Advisory Group is now trying to figure out what has gone wrong. One conclusion is that Greek Military Intelligence blundered badly in estimating the strength of Markos' positions. Another is that Greek staff work lagged behind the performance of the common soldier. A third is that neither officers nor men have their hearts in the offensive. A fourth is that officers in the field refuse to commit their units to any costly action.

And last, blame is put on the fact that the Athens press "leaked" some of the General Staff's most precious secrets before the offensive was launched. The culprits were retired high army officers who had turned journalist to make an extra drachma. A secret cabinet meeting was called to consider their misdeeds, but no action has been taken. No one in Athens, of course, gives credit to the generalship of Markos and the courage of his men.

While the campaign drags on, the political pot boils. Assuming a quick victory, politicians have been preparing a change of cabinet. The Liberal bosses behind 87-year-old Premier Themistocles Sophoulis have been installing their men in key local posts. On the other hand, Populist (extreme Right) Deputy Premier Constantine Tsaldaris, the real boss of the cabinet, has been mending fences on a tour of the north.

Moreover, newspapers report that General Nicholas Plastiras, whom Winston Churchill put in the Premier's seat in 1945, after the sanguinary Leftist revolution, is again hankering for power. Most observers believe that the Royalist Army command would not tolerate this old republican as a non-party premier.

Small, thin, wily General Alexander Papagos, the King's military aid, is said to want the premiership himself. As a close friend of the late dictator, John Metaxas, and as the man who defeated the Italians in 1940, he stands high with the Nationalists. One Greek officer told me, "When Metaxas was in power, in the late thirties, Greece had peace and a strong army. Papagos looks like another Metaxas."

There is some talk that the US Mission would not tolerate a military dictator, but the Greek politicians who support the ambitions of Papagos are not worried. They recall that Metaxas was first voted into power by a parliament frightened by communism.

CUDAHY CASE IS CLOSED

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

Having been beaten on the picket line, the United Packinghouse Workers have now been told off in court. Thirty-nine of the men who too part in the long strike against the Cudahy Packing Company at Newport, Minnesota, last spring, were convicted of unlawful assembly by a Stillwater, Minnesota, court.

All have lost their jobs—some of them after as long as 23 years with the packing company. Seven were sentenced to jail for three months and the rest were ordered to pay $100 fines and $2.50 court costs. The unlawful-assembly charge—reduced from a charge of rioting which could have meant five years in prison—was made after the strikers broke into the plant and dragged out some scabs.

The trial of the 39 involved the greatest number of defendants tried at one time in Minnesota history since the Sioux uprising of 1862. Thirty nine Indians felt the hand of justice in that case. Thirty-eight were hanged.

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TURNIP DAY IN WASHINGTON

"A FRIGHTFUL IMPOSITION," Dewey called the proposal for a special session of Congress, indicating his appraisal of both the sincerity of the Republican Party platform and the urgency of the problems which Americans face. In such a spirit Dewey can lose the 1948 elections. For Truman's call for a special session is a stroke of bold and liberal leadership and a confident reassertion of the validity of American democracy.

On three key issues, housing, inflation and civil rights, the 80th Congress so far has failed utterly. These are the issues on which Americans will judge the major parties by their records in the special session.

Housing. Four million American homes must be provided for this year. Passage of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which provides for 15 million new homes in 10 years by public housing, slum clearance and aid to private construction, is the first priority of the special session. Full hearings have been held on the bill. It was passed months ago by the Senate. Obeying the orders of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and the National Association of Home Builders, the House Republicans, led by Joseph Martin (R, Mass.), Jesse P. Wolcott (R, Mich.) and Leo E. Allen (R, Ill.), have prevented the bill from coming to the House for a vote. Instead, they jammed through a fake housing bill.

The Democratic platform clearly calls for passage of the T-E-W bill. The Republican platform states that "government can and should encourage the building of better homes at less cost," and recommends federal aid for slum clearance and low-cost housing when the job is not being done.

Yet only 103 of 185 Democratic Representatives, and no more than 41 of 235 Republican Representatives, have signed the discharge petition on the T-E-W bill. The first test of the leadership in both major parties and of the alertness of Americans is to get this bill out, and to make it law.

Civil-rights legislation is the second priority of the special session. Both parties are absolutely committed to passage of such legislation. The Republican Party platform calls for "prompt enactment" of an anti-lynching law, and federal legislation to abolish discrimination, the poll tax, and segregation in the armed forces. The Democratic platform supports all these proposals and more in calling for legislation to carry out the President's civil-rights program.

As in the case of housing, there is no possible excuse for delay. A bill to abolish the poll tax has passed the House and received the support of the Senate Judiciary Committee. A bill to establish a permanent FEPC has been approved by the Senate Education and Labor Committee. A strong anti-lynching bill has been passed by the House and is ready for Senate approval. The final measure, the abolition of discrimination in the armed services, can be accomplished by executive order and is up to the President.

Once again, a few Southerners may threaten a filibuster. But if all the 52 Republicans and 12 of the 45 Democrats in the Senate vote for cloture, any filibuster can be broken.

Inflation is the third issue demanding action by the special session. Wholesale and retail prices reached all-time peaks this month. Consumer credit has been forced up $3 billion this year, while holdings of government bonds have dropped $400 million as 13 million American families have been forced by inflation to use up most or all of their savings.

The Republican Party platform speaks of the "present cruelly high prices." It pledges "an attack upon the basic causes of inflation." The Democratic Party platform promises to "put a halt to the disastrous price rises." The special session, if it holds to these promises, will enact legislation to restore consumer-credit control; to extend and strengthen rent control; and to authorize price and wage ceilings.

On two further issues united action can bring immediate success. One is on Truman's request for an "adequate and decent law for displaced persons in place of the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic law which this 80th Congress passed." The second is passage of the $65 million loan to construct the world capital of the United Nations in New York City. Unless this loan is passed, the UN may well move to Geneva.

Turnip Day, on which Congress reconvenes, is the day turnips are planted in Missouri come hell or high water. So it is with the party promises. In 1948 Americans are alert and politically wise. The only good politics for both parties in the special session is to subordinate politics to service on behalf of America's needs.

The Republicans have a great chance to lead on civil rights. If, instead, they reconstitute their alliance with the Southern Democrats and kill civil-rights legislation as part of a bargain for blocking all action this year, then the Republicans will force a party realignment and soon face defeat.

Given the political awareness of Americans today, neither the Republicans nor the Administration can let the Southern conservatives dictate national policy. If the men who represent five percent of the electorate of five Southern states decide to bolt, then *let 'em go!* The new enthusiasm of the Negroes, the liberals and labor will make up for their loss ten times over.

Truman has brought himself back to his January, 1946, strength, when he presented to Congress Roosevelt's Economic Bill of Rights. If, as in 1946, he speaks for the record, and fails to fight, then he and his party will be politically destroyed. If he fights and loses, the Democratic Party will have earned the right to survival; if he fights successfully, it can win.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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HOW WE TREAT OUR GREATEST TRIBE

by Susan Roberts

Oliver La Farge, foremost authority on the American Indian, says that "our greatest tribe, the 60,000 Navajos, is locked by illiteracy and endemic disease into a desert reservation which can hardly support half that number." Their condition is so grave that Congress is now "considering" a program to help them.

Meanwhile the Navajos continue to suffer. A young nurse, writing under the pseudonym of Susan Roberts, has given the New Republic the following impressions based on several months' duty at a Navajo reservation hospital.

NAVAJO INDIAN kids are cute as a button. It's terrible that so many of them die. In August and September, New Mexico's hottest months, our hospital has a whole isolation ward filled with babies critically ill with diarrhea. The children just stare up from their beds until they drop off. In especially bad times, we lose a baby almost every day.

Fort Defiance, the Office of Indian Affairs hospital where I worked, is on a Navajo reservation 34 miles from Gallup, New Mexico. It is a new three-story brick building with good equipment. But even with several other small hospitals on the reservation, there aren't enough beds for the patients. The tuberculosis sanitarium across the street from Fort Defiance is always full. We have a mobile X-ray unit that goes around the reservation, but it doesn't do much good to check the Navajos if you have no place to put them.

It would be easier if the Indians could read and speak English, but most of them haven't an idea of what it's all about. You can imagine how hard it is to get them to understand disease prevention. They don't even know what a germ is.

The children grow pale and lose weight until they begin to cough and spit up blood. Then the parents bring them to the hospital. I remember a seven-year-old boy who was semi-comatose and almost completely dehydrated. We couldn't do anything for him. When his father brought him, he told us the boy's brother had died two months before. The father had never heard of contagion.

The Navajos have their own strange ways of treating sickness. Sometimes they hold a "sing," make sand paintings, dance, and manufacture all kinds of weird noises. Outsiders aren't allowed. If the medicine magic doesn't work, then the Navajos come to us. We aren't so secretive about our methods. When we operate, very often we allow the patient's family in the operating room amphitheatre to watch. It gives us a strange feeling to look up and see a dozen or so Indians huddled in the back rows, with their sombreros and bright shawls, gazing quietly down at us.

I like the Navajos. They're quiet, shy people who never complain even when they are desperately sick, and they seem so grateful for the little they get from the hospital. It's true that they're not the most cleanly people in the world, but after you've seen how far they have to go to haul water you understand why they save it for cooking and drinking.

The ones I know work hard, the way any people do who have a rough time keeping alive on their land. Generally they raise small herds of cattle or sheep, but the land isn't very good and there is not enough rain to grow much grass. The government ought to help them irrigate their land or give them industrial training so a few more could get work off the reservation.

The Navajos certainly must have more schools. How can we keep them well if they can't even understand us? One old Indian signed out of a tuberculosis sanitarium a few miles from Defiance because, he said, he didn't know why he'd been sent there, what was the matter with him, or what the people were trying to do. I don't blame him.

With children it's different; they don't have to know. They just arrive in the ambulance, and we take off their rags and scrub them clean. It's an awfully funny feeling to check their clothes. You can't figure out what to put down. So finally you just write "one colored rag," or "piece of black calico."

There's such a change in the children when they've been with us for a while, if they're not too sick. Their eyes brighten and we can even make their hair curl—something I never knew was possible with an Indian baby. And then, when they're well again, we take off their white hospital things and put the rags back on and send them on their way.

When a baby dies, however, the mother and father, no matter how poor they are, usually bring new clothes, and we dress the child in a silk dress or a knitted sweater and new shoes. Then the hospital puts the baby in a small wooden box and buries it in an unmarked field.

I wish there were something more we could do.

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TOGLIATTI'S ASSASSIN HELPED MOSCOW

by Claire Neikind

IT IS SINGULAR testimony to the times that no one in Italy is praying more ardently for Palmiro Togliatti's recovery than his own worst enemies. There is no doubting the sincerity of Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi's anguished cry that the attempted assassination of the Communist leaders was "the worst thing that could have happened."

Togliatti alive in Italy as the competent leader of a lacerated Left opposition, was high in the esteem of his followers but tainted with the stains of their recent defeat. Togliatti dead, murdered, would be invulnerable. Habitually cool and contained in his lifetime, he would stir far hotter passions from a martyr's grave than he ever could from a speaker's rostrum.

Even now, as he lies gravely wounded in Rome's Polyclinic Hospital, a part of that transition has been made. His party has leaped overnight from a crouch of defeat to a mood of angry aggression and religious exaltation. When the shots were fired, Communist deputies, according to a *Daily Worker* dispatch, "knelt in the hall and kissed Togliatti's hand as he passed." And outside the hall a holy rage swirled through the piazzas of Rome and all Italy. A smoking gun in the hands of an obscure Sicilian student already has accomplished what no amount of rhetoric could have produced—it has touched the Communists' grievances with flame.

The left has been quick to brand this a "second Matteotti killing," a plot to restore fascism to Italy under the united guidance of the Vatican, Italy's Catholic government and "Butcher Interior Minister Mario Scelba," together with American imperialists, warmongers and supporters of the Marshall Plan.

Wherever the blame may lie, there is little doubt where the benefits of Antonio Pallante's act will accrue. Whether Togliatti lives or dies, they are unquestionably on the Communist side. For in either case the party not only will have acquired a dramatic spur to its activities, but may also find at least a partial solution to its delicate problem of leadership.

It is an open secret that, following the disastrous defeat of the leftist forces last spring, Togliatti's standing with his party was severely shaken. From the time of his return from the Soviet Union in 1944, he had been the chief sculptor of the leftist front in Italy. It was he who counseled entry into coalition cabinets; he who sought the tight alliance that ultimately strangled the Nenni Socialist Party; he who urged the formation of a broad mass party based on parliamentary alliances, overtures to the Church, the ballot instead of the bullet.

When at the national Communist convention in Milan last winter, Togliatti promised electoral victory in April by pursuing the same course, and denounced the "maximalists" who had interpreted the new Cominform as a signal for "narrow Communist warfare," he was cheered. But when, three months later, the Popular Front went down to ruinous defeat, he was blamed in the top secret councils of his party.

Indeed, the Cominform editorial of July 1, coming swiftly on the heels of the Tito denunciation which Togliatti signed, might almost have been directed against Togliatti himself. For in outlining the new era of tight parties with hard, revolutionary cores, it called for "strict centralism, conscious discipline, individual selection of persons joining the party and war against opportunist elements."

The evident abandonment of the Popular Front concept and the consequent new type of party for which he is temperamentally far less suited, would have made things difficult for Togliatti in the decisive period to come. Despite that, and despite his diminished personal stature in his own party, it is most probable that he would have carried out the new "line" to the best of his ability.

But it would be easier—and perhaps even safer—for the party to install fresh leadership to meet this call. With Togliatti out of action—at best for a long time, at worst permanently—the opportunity for such a switch is there.

There are three men who might take his place. One, the least possible, is Eugenio Reale, a 42-year-old Neapolitan physician who is now on the Central Committee and has been in the party since 1927 He is an unpolished diamond with a dogged sense of discipline. He would be reliable but uninspired and lacking in the steel qualities of endurance that the party will need.

A far more likely possibility would be Luigi Longo who is a former political commissar in Spain, a graduate of a Soviet military academy and chief of the party's secret military organization in Italy. Longo is number-two man in the triumvirate that has ruled the party for the past three years. He is as tough as armor plating and far better attuned to the new Cominform position than Togliatti has ever been.

The last possibility is Pietro Secchia, third man in the triumvirate and organizing genius of the party, who is commonly held to be the "Minister of the Interior" of the Communist shadow government. An undeviating conformist, totally devoid of the so-called "humanist" and cultural interests that shaded Togliatti's background, he has been temporarily installed now as acting Secretary-General.

It was Secchia who replaced Reale as Togliatti's colleague in the recent Cominform session, and it was Secchia, not Togliatti, who issued the first declaration about the Tito denunciation on behalf of the Italian Communist Party. His statement was the most definitive of its kind to have been made by an Italian Communist spokesman since the war. "The interests of the Soviet Union," he said, "are absolutely identical with those of workers of all countries."

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THE FUNERAL IS CALLED OFF

With the undertaker breathing down their necks, the Democrats come to life and promise to make it a fight

by Helen Fuller

THE REPORTS of the Democratic Party's death, prevalent before the Philadelphia convention, appear now to have been somewhat exaggerated. A party in which the rank-and-file majority get their way on such a risky issue as civil rights against the opposition of their masters, is obviously not yet ready for embalming.

The Democrats came to Philadelphia as low in their minds as the Republicans were when they assembled for the Landon convention in 1936. There was not a hopeful delegate in a carload. They were licked, most of them thought, probably for eight years. The realistic ones have not changed their minds about the chances of immediate victory. But after last week, they do see a future—for the party and for the liberal elements in it especially.

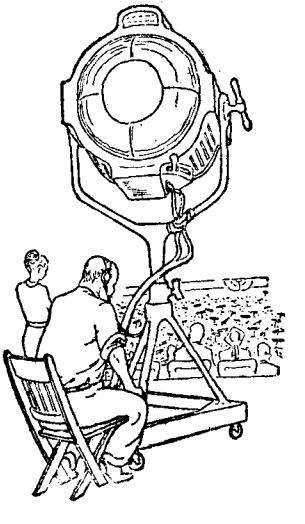
For the first time in Democratic history, the South has been scorned. She has been given to understand that the party is willing to get along without her favors if necessary, that tantrums and sulking will no longer assure her of having her own way. And all decent Democrats feel the better for finally having taken a stand. The unsuccessful campaign to abandon Truman for either an Eisenhower or a Douglas provided a good practice session for 1952 and acquainted progressive Democrats in distant parts of the country with one another's strengths and weaknesses as allies. The Democrats are stuck with an unpromising national ticket. But they can console themselves that they have a better than average platform, largely built by the liberals, and that their presidential candidate is showing a will-to-win that may, with luck, stave off a congressional Republican landslide, even if it fails to save the White House.

It is no thanks to labor, the New Dealers or the South that Harry Truman is the nominee for President. Until General Eisenhower definitely and finally closed the door on a Democratic draft just two days before the convention opened, these three groups continued to stand together, fairly firmly, against Truman. After that, further opposition was futile, but there were those in all three groups who refused to admit it. The Americans for Democratic Action, which had always preferred Justice Douglas to Eisenhower anyway, threw its whole energy into trying to hold the draft-Eisenhower coalition together around Douglas. The attempt was doomed. The South wouldn't take Douglas, who had gone much further than Truman in trying to extend civil rights to all. The regular politicians who had been burned on Eisenhower would not make the same mistake twice. They refused to get behind Douglas unless he gave his word that he would run. And, worst of all, the Justice himself went back on his pre-convention pledge to the ADA to do nothing to hinder its efforts.

When it was clear that Douglas would not lead the opposition, Senator Claude Pepper of Florida made a brief appearance in the role of chief of the anti-Truman forces. But the elements of the old Roosevelt coalition that had gathered around Eisenhower earlier would not take Pepper either. Northern labor was suspicious of his position on race matters. The Southerners considered him much too progressive. The ADA liberals said he was too close to Henry Wallace on foreign policy. Pepper had to withdraw to avoid appearing ridiculous. To many, he seemed praiseworthy as the only progressive courageous enough to run even though he jeopardized his own personal position by doing so.

The Douglas incident proved, as the Vandenberg parallel had done three weeks before, that a reluctant candidate is worse than useless in modern politics. The whole anti-Truman campaign again proved the truth of the ancient aphorism that "you can't beat somebody with nobody." Truman had counted on just that, and he was right.

Bloody and beaten in the presidential fray, the ADA group turned en masse to the fight on the platform, where it had a base from which to work. Its vice-chairman, Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis, was a member of the drafting subcommittee of the Committee on Platform, as was one of its California leaders, Mrs. Esther Murray. In turning to the platform, the ADA was joining the CIO-PAC, which had voted, before the convention began, to concentrate as an organization on the labor and civil-rights section of that document and



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leave the presidential contest to the individual consciences of the CIO delegates themselves.

Senator Francis J. Myers (Pa.), chairman of the Full Resolutions Committee, and Senator Scott Lucas (Ill.), of the subcommittee, both hoped to bring in a platform that would be acceptable to all factions of the convention. They had decided to bull through a demand for outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act as the party's bid for labor support. But on civil rights, the Administration's hope was for a statement as "inoffensive" as the 1944 plank on the subject, which made only general pledges.

After seven days and nights of hearings and heated meetings, the platform committee was ready to report. Humphrey and Mrs. Murray, together with former Representative Andrew Biemiller (Wis.), had tried but failed to get the full 108-man committee to accept their clearly spelled-out program on civil rights in place of the vaguer one offered by the majority of the drafting committee. So they prepared to take the fight to the convention floor.

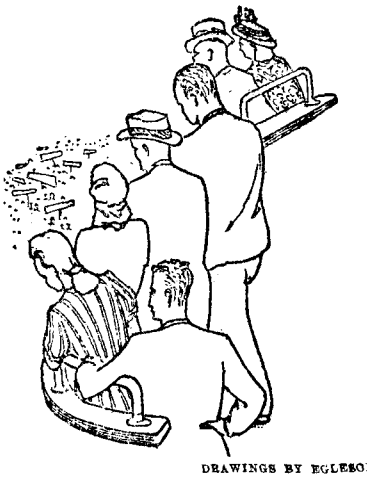
The 100-odd ADA delegates and alternates and the CIO's 33 delegates and 20 alternates caucused and lobbied in their delegations. When Biemiller and Humphrey rose to present their case for a plank in complete accord with Truman's civil-rights program, the way had been paved. The big-city leaders, informed that a showdown was coming, quickly decided that the liberal side of the argument was the only one that made political sense for them. By the time the clerk reached Illinois in the roll call, it was clear that the Democratic Party had entered a new era. By a vote of 651½ to 582½ the party declared its emancipation from the South.

The liberals had no coöperation from the Truman leadership in the civil-rights victory. Democratic National Chairman J. Howard McGrath held his home state of Rhode Island in line for the "compromise" proposal, against a strong plank. Senator Myers did his best to hold Pennsylvania too, and Frank Hague did the same for New Jersey. But CIO and Negro leaders were also working on the Pennsylvania and New Jersey delegations. In the showdown, these key states lined up with the liberals. The little politicians down in the delegations could feel which way the political wind was blowing even if the big shots couldn't. New York bosses Ed Flynn and Paul Fitzpatrick threw their support behind the fight for a strong civil-rights plank from the beginning, and were of considerable help in leading the Pennsylvania votes away from Myers. Chicago boss Jake Arvey fought hard for the strong plank; Illinois voted "aye" 60 times. California, led by Jimmy Roosevelt and AFL chief Jack Shelley, was prepared to march onto the platform if the chair tried any funny business in connection with the vote on the Humphrey amendment.

Once it was accepted as polite to show scorn for the Southerners, the rank and file of delegates let themselves go. When Louisiana rose later that evening to nominate Earl K. Long, the volume of the boo's startled even the boo-ers. Most of the delegates wanted to show just how fed up they were with all that the nomination represented.

The substitution of the strong civil-rights plank was the most sweeping change made in a Democratic platform since Repeal was written in on the floor at the 1932 convention. The rest of the lengthy program recommended by the Resolutions Committee was adopted without question. The committee had refused to include a states'-rights plank, but it had also destroyed a plank for federal control of the tidelands, in accordance with the wishes of the big oil companies whose voice was heard even inside the drafting committee through former Governor Dan Moody of Texas.

The State Department had done its best to get a Palestine plank that would return the party to the anti-Palestine position favored by Loy Henderson and Israel's enemies among the career diplomats. Charles E.



DRAWINGS BY EGLESON

("Chip") Bohlen made a special trip to Philadelphia to bring the Department's suggested draft on this question. When it reached the hands of the subcommittee, however, Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, former Senator Hugh Mitchell, of Washington, and Mayor Humphrey all quickly saw that the proposed policy would actually postpone recognition of Israel and hamstring revision of the arms embargo. They promptly opposed it. Truman, it turned out, had never seen the State Department draft, and rejected it when he did. Bohlen returned to Washington in defeat. An uncompromising, pro-Israel plank was adopted.

On other issues the 1948 platform was a general rewrite of the 1944 program and the Truman messages to Congress of the last two years. It contains an abundance of excellent legislative material and, if enacted in toto, would carry the country a long step forward. The platform victories the liberals won at this convention, however, must be considered victories in spirit rather than substance. The triumph showed that there is still a basis for appeal to the rank and file of the Democratic Party over the heads of its worn-out leaders, even within the narrow confines of a national convention. But performance still depends on personalities. The men the liberals failed to defeat will have the job of carrying out the program the liberals won. There should be no illusions about this. The progressives' victory was a poor second-best.

(Continued on page 14)

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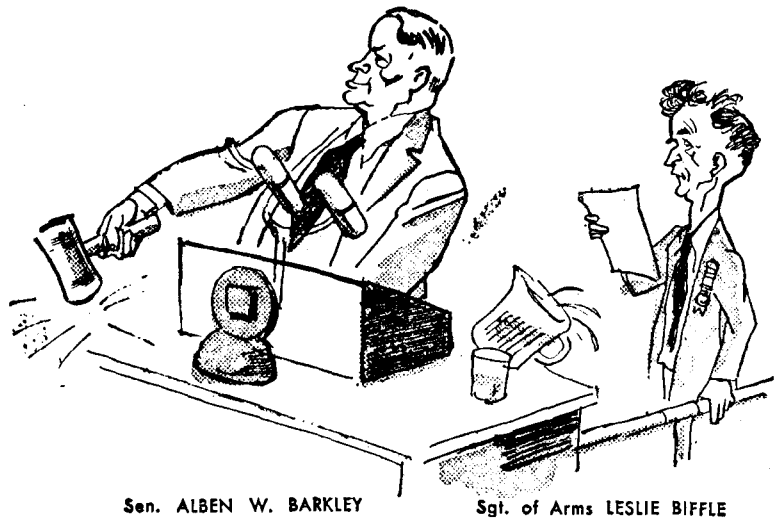
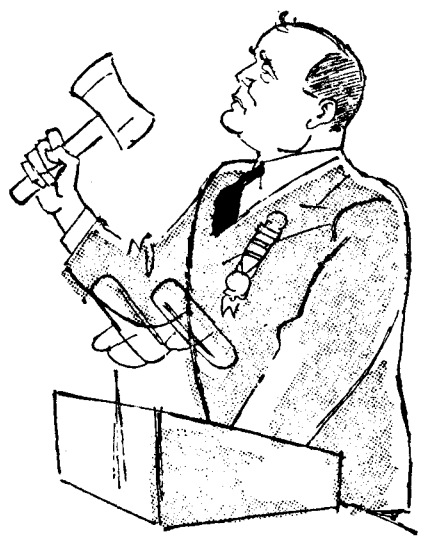
THE DEMOCRATS MEET

Drawn for New Republic at the Convention

by KELEN



Sen. ALBEN W. BARKLEY Sgt. of Arms LESLIE BIFFLE



Sen. J. HOWARD McGRATH

Sen. CLAUDE PEPPER

SOUTHERN REBELS:

Ex-Gov. CHAUNCEY SPARKS, Ala.

Ex-Gov. DAN MOODY, Texas

Gov. BEAUFORD H. JESTER, Texas

State Sen. "BULL" BONNER, Ala.

Gov. BEN LANEY, Ark.

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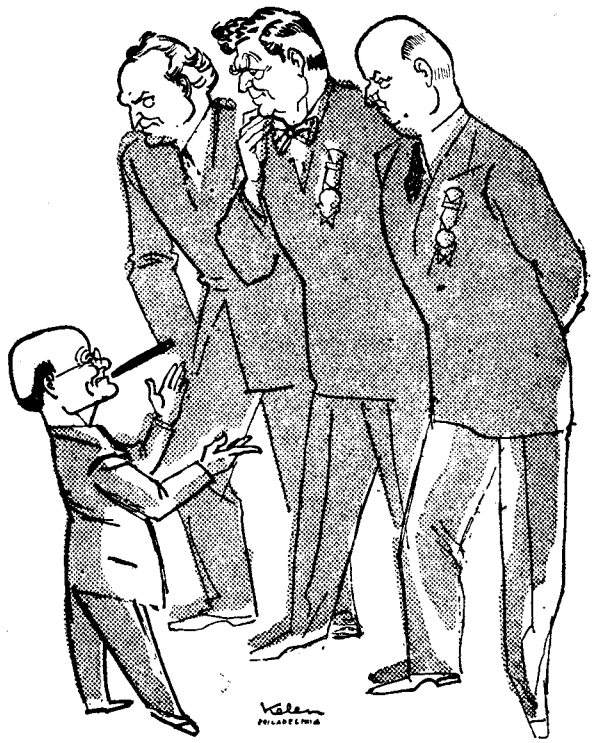
JAMES ROOSEVELT

FRANK HAGUE



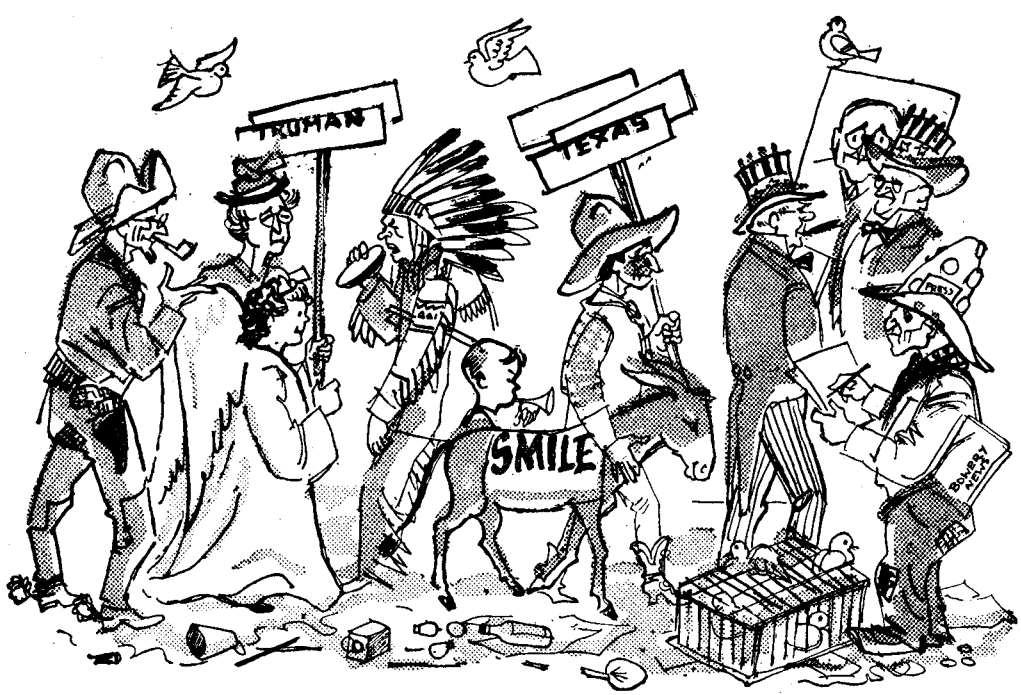
JACOB M. ARVEY

Sen. SCOTT W. LUCAS, III.

Ex-Mayor EDWARD J. KELLY, Chicago

JAMES A. FARLEY

HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS



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(Continued from page 11)

Harry Truman and his personal organization tried their hardest to appear suave and self-confident through it all. Except for the President's own stunning performance on the closing night, however, they succeeded only in looking like a lucky bunch of amateurs.

Chairman McGrath was in constant touch with the President. Presidential Counsel Clark Clifford slipped in and out of Philadelphia all week bringing messages, approving platform planks, and the like. Truman knew what was going on in Philadelphia, but his loyal lieutenants there were mystified by what was going on in his mind as to the vice-presidency. For days poor McGrath had to butter up the senatorial group which wanted the honor for one of its own, while he kept the door open for Douglas' possible acceptance.

Truman so enfuriated Dear Alben Barkley by his cavalier attitude toward the Kentuckian's availability for the job that the Senator came close to forgetting his years of party discipline and agreeing to let his name be presented in competition for the presidency itself.

But poor as the organization work was up to nomination night, it was more than adequate for that big moment. Somebody, probably Clark Clifford, had given the President an accurate pulse count on the audience he was to address. Truman's remarks were as cannily suited to the time, the place, and the crowd as any speech Franklin Roosevelt might have made. The idea of calling a special session of Congress as a platform from which to campaign effectively and inexpensively was a pet project that Lowell Mellett, former Roosevelt adviser, had sold to Clifford a few weeks before. It, and the confident, determined mien Truman presented to the bedraggled convention, made a hit. For that night at least, Harry Truman was a real leader.

The morning after, the delegates left in Philadelphia were not so sure. He had been a new man last night,

DRAWINGS BY EGLESON

but would it, could it, last? They devoutly hoped so. If he could keep it up, "pour it on" all through a special session, things might look up for the Democratic congressional candidates. If a landslide for the Republicans could be prevented, a good many of the Democrats running for reëlection could squeak through on their personal strength, even if the top of the ticket didn't make it. Democratic planners took their old hopes of capturing the Senate this year out of mothballs and looked more closely at their charts and graphs on the crucial states. With a moderately warm presidential race, they could still take those four seats necessary to return the Senate to the Democrats.

Truman is still talking confidently to his inner circle of how he will slay them at the crossroads when he really starts campaigning. The kitchen cabinet is still smiling sweetly and refraining from asking where he thinks his railroad-ticket money is coming from, not to mention the vast sums needed for national publicity if he is to let everybody know what a crossroads Bryan he really is. The Palestine plank in the platform may draw back some of the big-money Jewish support if peace in Israel comes along with it. As of now, the Democrats are dolefully counting on Assistant Secretary for Air Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney to serve as campaign treasurer and write a check for the deficit.

Now that the ball is over, the practical prospects for this year still are pretty dark for the Truman Administration. Tom Dewey will have to think hard and fast to turn to the advantage of the Republican ticket the special session of Congress that candidate Truman has called. Henry Wallace will probably have a harder time getting new recruits from among the so-called "independent voters" than before the Democrats showed their latent vitality. But Wallace is still running and is still favored to poll enough votes in Illinois, New York and California to take those states out of the Democratic column.

Those who had opposed Truman most fiercely applauded along with the others when he made his fighting acceptance speech. They were resigned to carrying him through this campaign, and they weren't going to make any more open trouble about it, but neither were they repentant for what they had tried to do. Jim Farley said they had been disloyal and had done incalculable damage to the party's chances this November. They didn't believe it, and if they had another chance to nominate a stronger candidate in place of Harry Truman tomorrow, they would jump at it. Most of them will support Truman, some tacitly, some in a big way.

But they all know that Farley is wrong and that the spirit of insurgency they expressed in taking the warpath against Truman is really the hidden strength of the Democratic Party. When the party becomes the orthodox, false-front picture of harmony Farley would have, it will surely die. So long as it can be ruled by its majority, as it was on the civil-rights issue at Philadelphia, there is still hope that the Democratic Party can become the true second party, the progressive party that our history demands.

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THE NEW PARTY'S FUTURE

THIRD PARTIES are one test of the vitality of the American people. They test the capacity of Americans to restore to life our two-party system when one of the major parties ceases to function as a vital force.

The *origin* of the New Party lay in the recent failure of the Democratic Party to lead. In wartime, party government was abandoned in favor of national government by President Roosevelt. After the war, the Democratic Party lacked the vitality to reassert its liberal leadership. The alliance of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans established a bipartisan conservative government in domestic affairs. A continuing world crisis led to bipartisan conservative government in world affairs. The New Party was formed from the body of political emotions and ambitions suppressed by bipartisan government.

The *present position* of the New Party is that it is officially on the ballot in ten states and has filed the necessary petitions in five others. Only in Florida has it been impossible to meet the legal requirements for appearing on the ballot, although in Oklahoma and Ohio certification awaits a high-court decision. It has struggled against strong opposition in West Virginia and Ohio and spent its force in divisions among progressives in Minnesota. Its major efforts seem to be in New York and California, but by November it plans to have a comprehensive slate in at least forty states.

In Illinois, for example, the New Party has filed an extensive ticket. In California it is backing twelve New Party candidates for Congress, only four of whom are also Democrats. In New Hampshire New Party candidates are running for Governor, Senator and for two House seats; in New Jersey, for one Senate and eleven House seats. In Missouri New Party candidates are entered in races for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, State Treasurer, State Auditor, Attorney General and four congressional districts. Many of these candidates stand for Wallace's basic philosophy; many certainly do not, and in some cases are running against genuine progressives. New Party leaders claim that by increasing the size of the vote they will help to elect liberals in 1948. But a state-by-state breakdown indicates that the New Party candidates will contribute to an overwhelming Republican victory.

The *support* of the New Party comes largely from minority groups and left-wing trade unions. Its largest blocks of votes may come from Negroes, and from Jews embittered by the betrayal of Israel. Czechs, Poles, Hungarians and Bohemians, with left-wing traditions and close ties to Eastern and Central Europe, are other major sources of votes. Seven trade unions, with a total membership of 549,000, are officially backing the New Party. Five others, with a membership of 873,000, are active supporters. In general, in regions such as Massachusetts, Missouri, New York City and Chicago, where access to the Democratic Party is difficult for a liberal, the New Party has its broadest support.

The *program* of the New Party will be drafted in the convention under the direction of Rexford Tugwell. So far, the New Party is on record for, among other issues, the complete abolition of segregation and discrimination; continued price support for farmers; broadened social security financed by taxation; and the nationalization of the railroads and the aircraft industry. It opposes the Draft, and two New Party Representatives in Congress voted against supplementary arms appropriations. In international affairs, the New Party opposes Marshall Plan aid and is in favor of the withdrawal of foreign troops from Germany and China. Its central assertion is that the current cold war can be ended by an attitude of friendship toward the Soviet Union, and that only when the cold war has been ended can American living standards be raised.

In *structure* the New Party is organized generally on the state and chapter levels. Although the local organizations are largely autonomous on non-policy matters, the New Party has greater uniformity and centralization than the two major parties. It is still divided between the Wallace concept of a broad coalition organized around the idea of peace, the progressive concept of a militant movement based on labor as a class, and the Communist concept of a mass party reflecting its own extreme centralization, its insistence on class warfare and its intolerance of all viewpoints but its own.

The *future* of the New Party depends on its ability to become the Second Party. This requires the destruction of the Democratic Party, which often acts as a willing accomplice in its own doom. Yet the New Party is at present seeking to replace an outworn coalition of reaction and liberalism with a new coalition of liberals and Communists whose avowed purpose has always been the destruction of liberalism. This coalition, in the minds of labor leaders, is equally barren and doomed to failure. Normally, a third party coming at this time would reflect the demand of labor for greater political influence. The demand is real, but the opposition of most labor leaders to the New Party is bitter. They see in it a means of expanding the Communist influence against which they are fighting. They believe that by splitting the liberal vote it will help to elect a Congress bent on destroying the trade unions.

Third parties are one test of the vitality of American progressives. A test of their maturity is the time it will take for all democratic progressives to come together again and work together in the battles that will follow November. Whatever fights are waged by leaders on both sides, the millions who will vote for Wallace and the millions who will vote in the Democratic Party cannot endure without each other's help.

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THE NEW PARTY'S

LIKE the older Republicans and Democrats, the young third party is more than mass meetings and platform speeches. It also has top strategists and potent local leaders whose differences must be reconciled off-stage:

C. B. "Beanie" Baldwin, with one important difference, stands in the same relationship to Henry Wallace as Jim Farley did to FDR at the beginning of their political alliance. The difference is important in explaining

much about the Wallace campaign. Farley came to his task ripe in political experience and rather disinterested in the ideas his candidate was to stand for. Baldwin plunged into politics convinced that his ideas could be carried out only within the framework of a new political party with Wallace as its head.

Baldwin has known Wallace for 15 years, most of the time working with him or near him. He was a small businessman in East Radford, Virginia, when Milo Perkins, a friend of Wallace's, got him a job in the Department of Agriculture. In 1940 he became chief of the Farm Security Administration, then was area director for relief activities in Italy. He entered politics in 1943.

First as Sidney Hillman's assistant in the CIO-PAC, then as an organizer of the National Citizens' PAC, Baldwin did yeoman service for FDR in 1944 and was one of the few who, to the bitter end, tried to renominate Wallace for the vice-presidency. The next year, with both FDR and Hillman dead, he was active in trying to merge the two PAC's, the UDA, the Farmers' Union and all liberals into a single political organization to perpetuate Roosevelt democracy before the 1946 congressional elections.

Baldwin set out in the spring of 1947 to gather the elements of a coalition capable of becoming a new political party. Without precinct-level experience, he had to build from the top down to that level, using whatever existing organizations he could entice. One of his problems was to make it a truly national movement, disciplined and coördinated. To do this, he collected a staff with marked political acumen, and worked closely with Wallace.

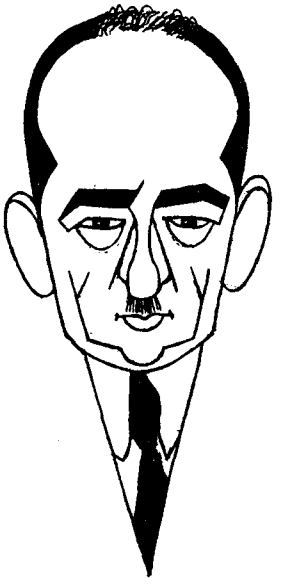
One of Baldwin's innovations has been to use the fund-raising techniques usually employed by philanthropic groups rather than the conventional political methods of getting contributions. Whatever else may be said about Wallace's campaign, its financial support has come from the masses of the people more certainly than any other campaign in recent times. Baldwin, using mass meetings to whip up money-giving enthusiasm, tries to make the donor feel that this is truly his own party and that he must work for its success.

Thomas Irwin Emerson, People's Party candidate for Governor in Connecticut, is one of the original New Dealers in the New Party hierarchy. Two years after getting his law degree at Yale in 1931, he was working for the reborn Democrats as an assistant counsel in the NRA.

During the next 13 years he furthered his education in practical government through legal positions in the NLRB, the Social Security Board, the Attorney General's office, the OPA, the Office of Economic Stabilization, and the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. During his OPA phase he was deputy administrator for enforcement in 1943-45, a time when enforcing price control was a highly disagreeable task. Since leaving the government in 1946, he has been a professor of law at Yale.

Emerson's value to the New Party lies in his stature in the academic world whence Wallace draws so much support, and in his high intellectual qualities which enable him to exert great influence within the central administrative committee. There he works for sound, long-range principles which he has thought out more carefully than many of his colleagues.

John Abt, as general counsel of the Wallace-for-President Committee, is



co-equal with Campaign Manager Baldwin in running the campaign. Abt handles the administration and legal affairs of the main headquarters in New York. He also participates in all strategy decisions.

Abt, left-wing by conviction but conciliatory by nature, often acts as arbitrator when things get hot between some of the more seasoned politicians and the theoreticians. Long experience in liberal political organizations has acquainted him with such problems.

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SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

After his graduation from the University of Chicago Law School, Abt practised law in Chicago before joining the New Deal, first in the AAA and then in the WPA. He resigned to become counsel for the famous La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, then served as special assistant to the Attorney General.

During the halcyon days of the CIO-PAC, Abt was Sidney Hillman's closest confidant as general counsel for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Last year, when the CIO split over the third-party issue, Abt went along with the left-wing faction of his union. Primarily a technician, and an able one, he now has his hands full with the delicate personnel problems of a new political organization and with such legal intricacies as the electoral regulations of some 48 states.

Clark Howell Foreman, treasurer of the Wallace movement, is that increasingly recurrent phenomenon in the South—a member of a noted Southern family bent on winning civil rights for Negroes. Foreman, a native of Atlanta, started putting his beliefs into practice early in the New Deal when he was made adviser on race relations to the Secretary of the Interior.

One of his significant contributions was the work he did in drafting FDR's economic report on the South, which revealed conditions below the Mason-Dixon Line to be the nation's gravest economic problem. Later he founded the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. Naturally, his championship of Negro rights has made him a bitterly controversial figure throughout the South.

Foreman brings few white Southern votes to the Wallace cause, but he has had valuable experience in organizing liberal political movements, and shows considerable fund-raising ability.

Elinor Kahn, sparkplug of California's Independent Progressive Party, served her political apprenticeship in the Upton Sinclair and Culbert L. Olson campaigns during which many strange and wonderful elements were united to capture the California governorship. The experience has helped her hold together in the California IPP such groups as the old-age

pensioners and the more militant left-wing unions.

She has always been extremely popular in the waterfront unions. When sentiment for the creation of a third party developed, she was instrumental in showing Harry Bridges how such a party could be created in California. Welcoming all comers who would work for Wallace, she has kept the militant unions of Los Angeles and San Francisco hard at work getting their membership registered to vote.

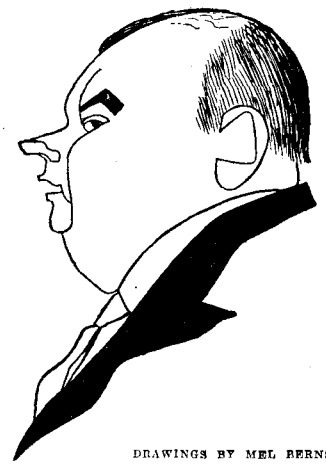
Her efforts also have resulted in building one of the best Students-for-Wallace groups in the nation. The block-by-block doorbell-ringing technique she helped develop for IPP produced enough petition signatures to assure Wallace a place on the California ballot.

In California, which has a larger proportion of pacifists than any other state, the students are more politically minded and the unions more aggressive. Both these groups are in Miss Kahn's field of action. Under such leadership the New Party is expected to make at least as good a showing in California as anywhere else.

Albert Fitzgerald, chairman of the New Party's Labor Committee, is an up-from-the-ranks leader of the United Electrical Workers' Union and by all odds the most militant labor supporter that Wallace has won. The UE, the third-largest of all CIO unions, was one of the heaviest financial contributors to the old CIO-PAC. Fitzgerald is a native of Massachusetts and a Catholic. He is not a colorful leader in the John L. Lewis style, but a quiet man whose hold over his members seems to stem from his likeness to them. In no sense is he a dictator within his own union. He shares his power with a tightly disciplined handful of left-wingers—Jim Matles, organization director; Julius Emspak, the secretary-treasurer, and Russ Nixon, former legislative director.

Fitzgerald is still a vice-president of the national CIO. His job in the New Party organization is to attract as much organized labor as possible, since an already functioning political framework is one of the party's most crucial needs.

Most of organized labor has taken a stand of opposition to the New Party, but certain sections declared



DRAWINGS BY MEL BERNSTEIN

themselves in its favor even before its Philadelphia convention. In addition to UE officials, support has come principally from the Marine Cooks and Stewards, the Fur and Leather Workers, the Food and Tobacco Workers and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

No one yet knows how great a block of votes this section of labor might swing. Fitzgerald's job is to expand it as far as possible and exploit all its potentialities.

Paul Robeson's great baritone has thundered through countless meeting halls across the continent these last

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twelve months as the voice of the New Party. Many rallies have been rescued from dreariness by his artistry and passion. Often he has created the

emotional tension so fruitful in a political campaign.

What most hearers have not realized is that the man with the great voice has also been making another significant contribution to the party. Robeson is an articulate and astute politician on the steering committee set up to direct policies of the pre-convention campaign. He is a political power in his own right in Harlem, where recently he has been involved in bitter struggles between left and right-wing progressives.

Of course, his greatest value to the New Party is probably symbolic. His artistic position is unchallenged. To other members of the Negro race he —the man of education, talent and renown—is the personification of what they, too, can accomplish.

Robeson's own political creed is broader than mere advocacy of rights for one particular group. Since his own people have the least freedom, he concentrates his most fiery efforts on helping them. But his interest in all cultures is universal and his knowledge is extraordinary.

Vito Marcantonio is one New Party leader who holds political power. As such he won a hard fight to make his American Labor Party the only New Party group on the New York ballot. In turn, he promises to broaden the ALP after November, by giving representation to New Party leaders.

A dynamic, rowdy fighter, Marcantonio knows how to organize political action, how to stage a campaign, how to win elections. He has shown that in getting elected to Congress six times from New York's tough 18th District. Threatened by a coalition of Republicans and Democrats, Marcantonio has always been for a third party. He hopes to make the New Party the first party in New York City and later in the state.

In New Party councils, Marcantonio often disrupts the proceedings with rude laughter at what he considers the political amateurism of the less seasoned workers. Actually, some of his advice is extremely sound. He advocates the house-to-house-canvassing technique which such eminently successful organizations as Tammany Hall have used for generations.

Marcantonio also believes in stressing and dramatizing the issues closest to the lives of plain people—housing, veterans' care, the high cost of groceries. These are things which, he says, Park Avenue liberals don't really understand the way plain people do. By convincing people that the New Party is fighting their battles he insists that big blocks of voters can be won away from the two major parties.

Against party strategists who talk in generalities and abstractions, Marcantonio hits back with harsh singleness of purpose. He gives no quarter and asks none, because that is the way he grew up in Harlem. He maneuvers cleverly against the major parties. And, although he follows the Communist Party line on national issues, he bends it to his will on specific local matters.

Elmer A. Benson, national chairman of the Wallace-for-President Committee, is a passionate opponent of the idea that war is a necessary evil. He is vilified by the big newspapers of Minnesota as a "dangerous radical," but he is known by the people as the man who once made a pact with the late Governor Floyd B. Olsen and the late Judge Vince A. Day that no one of them would ever speak in public without attacking war.

He began his long career in politics by peddling handbills for rallies promoted by his father, and he served as Senator from Minnesota before becoming the state's Governor in 1937. He was defeated by Harold Stassen, and this year his forces lost control of the D-F-L Party. Though not a polished public speaker, Benson can be eloquent in his attacks on racial discrimination and on the forces promoting war.

Benson is a prosperous businessman. Yet he never allows himself to forget

the misery that the boom-or-bust advocates helped produce during the depression. He has helped organize small-town bankers into an independent association to fight monopoly banks in legislative matters.

He has not concealed his distrust and dislike of some national leaders of organized labor. As leader of the New Party in Minnesota, Benson is spoken of as its candidate for the Senate against Joseph Ball and the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party's Hubert Humphrey, who is expected to win the D-F-L primary.

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AUSTRIA BLAMES THE SOVIETS

But as the Austrians bear the brunt of the cold war, their rising discontent is also directed against the Americans

by Alexander Kendrick

VIENNA

VIENNA is celebrating the centennial of 1848, and a magnificent exhibit at the Rathaus vividly portrays the last time the city rose in revolt. The exhibit makes hunger an equal partner with the desire for liberty, as the inspiration of the revolution. The same reasons are behind Vienna's present growing revolt against continued occupation.

This year's occupation costs are fixed at $60 million, 10 percent of the entire state budget. American occupation forces have been paying their own way for a year, and the British and French partially supply their small establishments, so that the Austrians blame the Russians for their financial difficulties as well as for the prolongation of their anomalous status. Austria is a victim of violent deflation, the shortage of currency is acute, and Austrians are tired of buying bananas, figs and chocolates for the Russians while they themselves try to exist on 1,700 calories or less.

Austrians are impatient with the United States as well, despite the food ships that keep coming into Trieste, and the initial $70 million grant under ERP. They say that the occupation prevents them from restoring their economy, and that the presence of the Big Powers in Vienna makes it hard for them to be "neutral." The end of the occupation would, of course, not eliminate the political and economic *Schlumperei* that is responsible for part of Austria's plight, but it is true that the four-zone system, the location of Vienna deep inside the Soviet zone, the Soviet mail censorship and control of communications, and the Allied

supervision of all Austrian legislation, add unnecessarily to the country's postwar inhibitions.

All three political parties—the Catholic Volkspartei, the Socialists and the Communists—are eager to have the occupation ended, but none more so than the Communists. This is probably the weakest and certainly the most feckless of the Communist Parties in Europe, and its feebleness and unpopularity are mainly due to the presence of Soviet troops on Austrian soil.

The party polled 5.5 percent of the vote in the November, 1945, elections, and at that time could legitimately complain that the elections were held too soon, with many of its leaders and supporters being deliberately kept outside the country until the returns were in. But the party has been at full strength for some time now, increasing its organizing activities, developing an excellent Communist press and propaganda, and being helped in its recruiting by the Russians in its name.

Yet it is unlikely that the Communist vote has increased more than one percent or so. Three years after the first impact of the Red Army, local elections are still conducted on the slogan: "Keep Your Wrist Watch By Not Voting Communist."

The Austrian Communists believe that they can do better as a party without the American, British and French armies around, but they also have had their fill of the Russian soldiers who come out to football games and cheer for any visiting team against Austria. This behavior reached its climax in the match between Austria and Hungary, when the Russians presented flowers to the Hungarians because they played for a people's democracy, even though they lost the game. "They ostentatiously ignored the Austrian victors," said *Die Woche* indignantly. "One feels that if they could do so, they would pass an Allied resolution forbidding us to win any matches for the next ten years."

The Austrian Communist Party's chief preoccupation this year is, naturally, the Marshall Plan. The comparison between American aid and Adolf Hitler's Bayerische-Hilf of 1938 is slightly ridiculous, but Communist criticism of the way in which ERP will be used by the Catholic-Socialist coalition government is valid. As Ernst Fischer, the party leader, remarks, the Danube flows eastward, after all. Historically, Austrian trade has always been with the East, and if this orientation is to be given up, the results will not be good for Austria.

It may be that the Marshall Plan is not intended to be used in this manner. However, some strange things have happened between Hoffman's office in Washington and the USACA (US section, Allied Council for Austria) offices in Vienna's Bank Building. The State Department originally estimated that under ERP Austria should do 26 percent of her trade with Eastern Europe, which is not much less than the prewar figure. USACA has cut this figure to 11 percent.

USACA, with its completely military outlook, is expected to have a large hand in the administration of ERP in Austria, and here its past performances with US interim aid are interesting. The Soviet zone received only 7,000 of the 58,000 tons of food brought in, while the American zone received 14,000 tons. Yet the Soviet

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Alexander Kendrick, formerly the Moscow correspondent for the Chicago Sun-Times, is now covering Central Europe for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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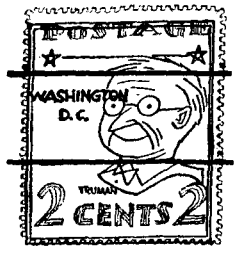
COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS for an Election Year

By DOUG ANDERSON

No. 1 Honoring a House Committee for Furnishing Communists on Demand

No. 2 Cut Rate Issue for Defenders of Justice, Lynch Law Style

No. 3 Special Filibuster Issue to Replace Senatorial Frank



No. 4 Pre-canceled Stamp to Be Used Only After November Returns

No. 5 Expensive Number Celebrating Congressional Action on Inflation

(Continued from page 19)

zone includes 27 percent of Austria's population and the American zone only 18 percent. It is the same with United Nations relief. School children in the Soviet zone receive much less under the UNICEF feeding program than children in the American zone.

If ERP is to be administered in the same way, the American zone will be favored over the Soviet zone. If the occupation were over and ERP were to be administered by the central government, as in other countries, the chances are that it would be much more equitable.

Another danger of the Marshall Plan here lies in the changing nature of Austrian exports. Again under the tutelage of USACA, Austria has given priority to the development of industries which will earn dollar credits. The Polish coal we have bought for Austria will produce fancy glassware, while Austrian building-material industries are in a state of collapse. Austrian production in the future may consist mainly of leather goods, glassware and other luxury items, instead of the steel, machinery, automobiles and electric power which were the prewar backbone of the country's economy.

The country has now slipped into a descending economic spiral, in which the shortage of currency following last winter's devaluation has cut purchasing power drastically. This in turn has led to the decrease of production and the increase of unemployment. Prices have also been driven down, but they are still far too high for the going wages.

One of the most important arcs in this vicious circle is the failure of the Soviet attempt to operate industries in their zone of Lower Austria along capitalistic lines. The Soviet economic trust, USIA, includes about 300 factories employing 50,000 workers and representing about 12 percent of the country's industrial capacity and about 40 percent of Lower Austria's industry. These factories were taken over by the Russians as German assets, and in their first two Soviet years they produced a steady stream of goods, both for the Soviet consumer and for sale to hard-currency countries. Now the general economic crisis in Austria, and the fact that the plants were run at high wages and with no apparent regard for the maintenance or assurance of a supply of raw materials, has put USIA heavily into the red. It is unable to meet its payrolls or its bills, and has accumulated a debt of something like $25 million to the Soviet military bank.

This is undoubtedly one reason why the Russians will not reduce the occupation costs. But if the occupation ended, it is hardly likely that the Russians would put their own money into such a losing proposition, and the Soviet grip on a large portion of Austrian industry would consequently be relaxed, if not entirely lifted.

The general economic paralysis has had its effect upon the city's cultural life. The Austrian publishing business, for instance, is in a straitjacket. First, it cannot print German-language editions of current American or English books because the rights are held mainly by Swiss firms which have paid for them in hard currency. The latest American novel on sale here is Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*.

Second, Austrian publishers cannot sell the books they have printed for the Austrian trade because high costs require a retail price which in some cases is 40 to 50 percent of the average reader's weekly income. Moreover, the currency shortage has diverted cash into other channels.

Finally, Austrian publishers cannot sell their books to the hungry German market because the Joint Export and Import Agency in Germany, in one of the most unfortunate decisions it has made, has decreed that no German goods can be exported for books.

Despite excellent repertories, the Vienna opera and dramatic theatres play to half-empty houses. Although the concert halls sold out for Bruno Walter, Leonard Bernstein and Yehudi Menuhin, these were rare occasions for the music-loving Viennese and they cheerfully went without food in order to buy tickets. The city's night clubs are also suffering from acute melancholia, while, in contrast, the wine-flowing *Heurigen* in Grinzing and other sub-

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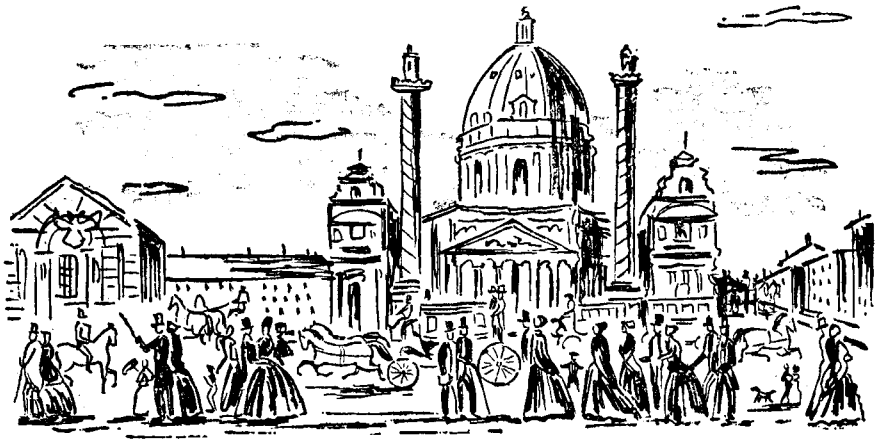


DRAWINGS BY ERNEST NEWMAN

urbs are jammed to overflowing by people drinking themselves silly as they listen to nostalgic songs about *Wien, Wien*. The general climate is psychotic, as in wartime.

Vienna is less an international capital, in the old sense of the phrase, than an advance base for propaganda, espionage and intrigue. Intelligence agents, detectives and informers for all four occupying powers; displaced persons of a dozen nationalities; black marketeers; spivs, prostitutes, money-changers and night-club-bar girls form a large demi-monde from which emanate strange, unconfirmed stories of the Balkans. Some of them, like the current yarn about the gigantic cigarette factory just across the border in Hungary, which is owned personally by Rakosi, Gottwald and Ana Pauker for the express purpose of taking over the European black-market cigarette trade, are cabled from here and printed in all seriousness. By the time minor incidents filter through successive layers of intrigue, they become events of international importance.

It has not been reported, for instance, that the much publicized incident in front of the Grand Hotel, in which an American GI was shot by a Russian guard, was the result of the GI's woman companion hitting the guard over the head with a whisky bottle. Similarly, the recent Barbara Frietchie incident on the Danube, when Russian guards allegedly threatened to shoot down the American flag from a stranded excursion steamer, was pure invention.

As a matter of fact, the behavior of the Russians here is better than that of any other occupation force. They keep strictly to themselves, do not fraternize with the Austrians, go to the theatre rarely and to night clubs not at all. Their GI's spend the evening reading *Pravda* or Maxim Gorky in their barracks; ours get drunk at the Oriental or Maxim's. The street walkers of the Kaernerstrasse would starve if they depended on Russian patronage.

With everyone concerned officially agreed on the need for ending the occupation, the major question is why the Russians have now decided they do not want to go ahead with treaty negotiations, after having given every evidence that they sincerely wished a treaty. The more or less authoritative American view is that the Russians changed their minds after the Communist defeat in the Italian elections.

If the Italian Communists had won, the Russians would have been prepared to withdraw from an Austria practically surrounded by Communist neighbors. Now they are not so sure. Therefore they deliberately picked the only treaty issue on which there presumably could be no compromise—the Yugoslav territorial and reparations claims —and forced the suspension of talks.

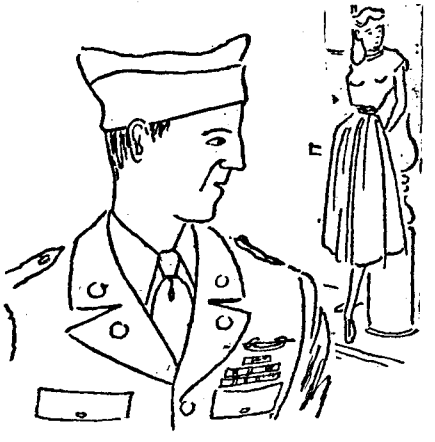
This American interpretation, as usual, neglects to indicate any responsibility the American deputies themselves might have had for the breakdown. The Russians had given in on point after point in the discussions, and when they came to the Yugoslav clauses they made it plain that these could be compromised, too.

An important Austrian Communist told me that the Yugoslav territorial claims could be settled by giving Carinthia a semi-autonomous status and some Slovene-language schools, while the reparations claims could be taken care of by the Austrian assets which the Yugoslavs captured in their own country during the war, and which they are going to keep anyway. If Austria would also provide some Carinthian water power for Yugoslavia, said my informant, it would make a fine deal on both sides.

The Austrians are now resigned to more waiting to be set free, but the dissatisfaction and unrest are growing. I have heard several responsible Austrians say that the United States could alter the whole international picture at one stroke, by a unilateral withdrawal from Austria. The Russians then would be under the most severe moral pressure that has ever been exerted upon them, to withdraw similarly.

American military men say such thinking is preposterous, and that our strategic position in Central Europe must be maintained at all costs. In the next breath they admit that our forces could be overwhelmed in a matter of hours and that actually we have no strategic position.

It would be a gamble to pull out of Austria and see what happened next, but after three years of fruitless experimentation with all other means, it might be worth taking. Always provided, of course, that we really mean it when we say we want to leave.



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BOOKS IN REVIEW

LET THE READER BEWARE

by James R. Newman

OF THESE THREE BOOKS, only one, David Shub's biography of Lenin, is a useful contribution to an understanding of Russia and the Russians. The other two are not unfamiliar specimens. Each is an undocumented, uncorroborated narrative of harrowing personal experiences in the Soviet Union. Neither has any particular lit-

LENIN: A BIOGRAPHY, by David Shub (Doubleday and Company; $5).
I'LL NEVER GO BACK: A Red Army Officer Talks Back, by Mikhail Koriakov (E. P. Dutton; $3).
TELL THE WEST, by Jerzy Gliksman (The Gresham Press; $3.75).

erary, autobiographical or historical merit. Both are frankly propagandistic denunciations of certain phases of life under the Soviet regime.

Unfortunately, the reader without a set of preconceptions or well-formed prejudices has few guides by which to judge the accuracy and truthfulness of such accounts. He may not, of course, depend on what newspapers or magazines publish, for such materials are approximately as reliable as the memoirs of Lemuel Gulliver. He can scarcely look to "official" reports for unbiased evidence. His sole recourse is to judge each account on the basis of consistency and inherent plausibility. The best advice the reviewer can offer is *caveat lector*.

I'll Never Go Back (it seems odd for the author to consider this a matter of wide concern) is by and about Mikhail Koriakov, a former military correspondent with the Red Army Air Forces. In the spring of 1944, Koriakov experienced a profound religious awakening which led to a sudden marked revulsion in his entire opinion of the Soviet system and philosophy. On voicing his new views, he was stamped "ideologically unsound," relieved of his post and assigned to innocuous duties. Just why he was not, as one might have expected, more severely punished, is unexplained. The greater part of the volume treats of the author's adventures after his conversion. It is concerned principally with the brutality of the Red Army, with various incidents of rape, plunder and such other barbarisms as fell under Koriakov's ranging eye.

One chapter describes the operations of the NKVD in Paris, whither Koriakov managed to make his way. I am unable to judge to what extent the account of the Paris episode enjoys an admixture of fact. Its verisimilitude is not enhanced by Koriakov's disclosure that the aide to the top NKVD agent in Paris bore the name Lieutenant *Mikhail Strange*—too much even for my elastic sense of coincidence. The style of the work and the admirable disinterestedness of its author are epitomized in this small sample: "The color red infuriates bulls. It enrages me, too, whether it bears a hammer and sickle or a swastika."

Tell the West, despite its absurd title, is a more convincing narrative. Arrested by Soviet border guards in 1939 as he attempted to escape to Lithuania, Jerzy Gliksman, a lifelong Polish Socialist, was sentenced to five years of penal servitude in one of the immense prison camps scattered throughout northern Russia. These, it appears, are largely populated by political prisoners (mixed together with common criminals) who are given the opportunity through road building, logging and other forms of hard labor to expiate their heresies and redeem themselves. Though not in good health, Gliksman managed somehow to survive two years of crushing toil, hunger, cold, disease and filth.

In September, 1941, when most Polish political prisoners were amnestied, Gliksman was released to find service with a Polish military unit; after the war he emigrated to the US. His story impresses one as essentially honest and sincere. It is a limited but probably truthful description of one man's experience in the vast forced-labor system now apparently an indispensable part of the Soviet economy and production machine. The system is one which the lovers of liberty everywhere must abhor. It is also well to remember that its causes cannot be ascribed to the aberrant minds of Stalin and the Politburo. They are to be found instead in Russian and European history and in Russian and European social and economic problems, of which we know little and apparently desire to know even less.

It is evident that David Shub in preparing his biography of Lenin had only exiguous and secondary sources from which to gather fresh data. Modern revolutions, as Joseph Barnes has pointed out, "devour their own records" as well as their own children. Shub has succeeded, nevertheless, in composing an impressive, relatively objective and often fascinating work. It gives a clear, useful account of the events leading to the Revolution and of that incredible period of chaos and ferocious violence during which the Bolsheviks came to power and wrought their totalitarian state. Only a fanatical, ruthless genius, an "amoral realist," a fearless "professional revolutionist," could have turned the wild confusion of the early Revolution into an irresistible weapon and with its help made himself the master of 180 million people.

These were the qualities of Lenin, the slender, bald, ascetic philosopher, Mongolian in feature, Machiavellian in principles, Jesuit in self-discipline.

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Never was there a man more ardent for revolution, more single-mindedly devoted to the task of obliterating, at whatever cost and by whatever means, the existing order. His beloved elder brother was hanged, while Lenin was still a boy, by the Czarist police. His first dedication sprang from revenge, but his aims soon outgrew all personal motives. His objectives went beyond socialism, beyond moderate reforms, beyond all the ideals of polity except those which would achieve the untrammeled dictatorship of the proletariat.

He was, of course, too much the contemptuous intellectual to have faith in self-rule by a constituent assembly of the proletariat even after the "yoke of capital" had been lifted, the "exploiters" suppressed and all opponents eliminated. "The Soviet socialist democracy," he wrote, "is in no way inconsistent with the rule and dictatorship of one person: the will of a class is at times best realized by a dictator who sometimes will accomplish more by himself and is frequently more needed." Freedom, equality and the will of the majority Lenin regarded as "high-sounding slogans"; talk about political liberties as "mere chatter and phrasemongering."

Lenin's life was for the most part a sequence of bitter and perilous episodes. In his younger period he was initiated into a career of conspiracy marked by intervals of imprisonment and Siberian exile; when he arrived triumphantly at the Finland Station in 1917, he had not set foot on Russian soil in a decade. His poverty-stricken years in a succession of miserable rooming houses; his "shuttling existence" as a political emigré; his indefatigable labors as an editor, writer and pamphleteer; his round of endless clandestine meetings with co-conspirators in the cafés and meeting halls of Munich, Brussels, London and Geneva—all this was borne in the certainty that the moment of opportunity would not finally be denied him.

Lenin's successful part in the Revolution itself, the overthrow of the Kerensky government, the silencing of the constituent assembly and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, was the crown of his preparations and practice in self-discipline. When the time for action came, he permitted no considerations of principle, morality or friendship to temper his conduct. He was fearless and endlessly resourceful; what he could not seize by force he gained by fraud. He was as adept at planning the tactics of street fighting as in creating the framework, constitution and decrees of the new state. Those who came after him, one judges, had neither his abilities, his fanatical conviction nor, for that matter, his modesty. As Shub points out:

> Lenin might well have said: "I created the Bolshevik Party. I was the brain of the November Revolution. Several times, when our power seemed about to crumble, I saved it by bold improvisation, by signing an unpopular peace in 1918, by introducing the NEP in 1921. I created the Comintern and gave it the revolutionary theory and strategy through which Russian Bolshevism became a world force." Lenin could rightfully have said all this, but he never did, for no dictator in history was less vain. In fact he was repelled by all attempts on the part of the men around him to set him on a pedestal.

All such adulation he considered "un-Marxist." When on his fiftieth birthday a monster celebration was staged in his honor, he consented to appear only after the "barrage of idolatry was over. 'Comrades,' he said, 'I must thank you for two things: for today's greetings and even more for excusing me from listening to the anniversary speeches'."

Shub draws a skillful portrait of Lenin's personal traits. He threw himself into all activities with equal enthusiasm: reading, writing, chess, long country walks and outings, fraternization with peasants and workers, debates with his comrades, playing with children. He was at once a "tireless hunter of falsehoods" and the fabricator of gross falsehoods and charges against his political opponents. He was merciless in punishing the slightest defection, yet, when he felt it served the cause, could forgive even the traitors within his party. He was an implacable enemy of religion, which he described as the "opiate of the people, a sort of spiritual liquor, meant to make the slaves of capitalism drown their humanity and their desires for a decent existence"; he was so deeply moved by music that he told Gorky he could not listen to it often because "it affects my nerves." An extraordinary man of extraordinary contradictions—"theoretician," "folk leader," "Utopian" and "realist."

I remember the story of another biographer of Lenin who one day during the late 1920's visited the British Museum, where Lenin had spent many hours in reading and study, to see whether he could find someone who might recall the great man's habits and eccentricities. He was referred to

DRAWING BY DOROTHY BRONSON

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an ancient attendant who was wholly unable at first to recollect the object of inquiry. "A small man," suggested the biographer, "with a bald head, a beard, Mongolian eyes, thick nose, serious, intent and hungry-looking, etc., etc." A light suddenly dawned. "Oh, 'im," said the attendant, "yes, I remember; now what *ever* 'appened to 'im?" Shub has provided us with a satisfying answer.

HANDFUL OF DUST

THE LOVED ONE, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown and Co.; $2.50).

THIS COLD-BLOODED little novel made its first appearance five months ago in Cyril Connolly's *Horizon*, and almost immediately aroused clashing comment. Waugh himself has anticipated this reaction in a nervous prefatory note to the American edition, called "A Warning," in which he says, in part: "This is a purely fanciful tale, a little nightmare produced by the unaccustomed high living of a brief visit to Hollywood. . . . This is a nightmare and in parts, perhaps, somewhat gruesome. The squeamish should return their copies to the library or the bookstore unread."

I do not know of anyone who has returned his copy of the February issue of *Horizon* to the newsstand, read or unread, but it may well have happened, for *The Loved One* is very strong medicine.

I do know several people of rugged intellectual constitution who considered *The Loved One* affronting and outrageous, and seemed genuinely shocked and sickened by its preoccupation with cosmeticized cadavers, with the obscene mechanics involved in the temporary preservation of the lifeless human body, and the hypocrisy and relentless commercialization of the rituals of American burial, California style. All of them have the common knowledge of Hollywood and California and the undertaking business, and none of them, it seemed to me, got Waugh's point.

At the risk of being called morbid or necrophiliac, I wish to say that, while I understand their horror and distaste, I do not agree that *The Loved One* is outrageous, unforgivable, or in any way a flower of evil. I think it is a good book, a very good book, and further proof of Evelyn Waugh's unerring marksmanship, this time with a dum-dum bullet. I had long ago been shocked and revolted by the *cause* of Evelyn Waugh's brilliant, ruthless reaction, and was not, like these friends of mine, affronted by its *effect*, a revulsion superbly articulated in satire. I have lived in California, and while there once attended a small, informal party at which, out of ten people, I was the only one who was not an undertaker or an undertaker's wife. After the third highball they talked shop. I mention this only to explain why *The Loved One* did not make a wholly fresh impact upon me, and why its satire did not strike me as being at all times removed from reality.

Dennis Barlow is a young English poet who had been imported as a scriptwriter for Megalo Studios. When his contract is not picked up, he accepts with equanimity a position as attendant at the Happier Hunting Ground, a luxurious and maudlin mausoleum for pet animals. He is quite undisturbed by the fact that this morbid employment puts him beyond the pale at the British Cricket Club, and impervious to the disciplined pain it causes the professional Hollywood Englishmen who huddle there in an island of aristocracy. He is pleasantly disturbed, however, by the luscious, mindless Aimée Thanatogenos, an ex-beautician who has become a cosmeticist of cadavers at Whispering Glades, the last, unctuous word in Hollywood crematoria. Here the deceased are known as The Loved Ones, the sorrowing survivors as The Waiting Ones; here music exudes from soft-speakers hidden in lily bed and privet; here, for an appropriate sum, is The Works.

Dennis Barlow's rival for the dexterous hand of Aimée is a Mr. Joyboy, a master-embalmer who courts her delicately by forwarding his cadavers to her for the final, cosmetic touches, with their features arranged in the tenderest of expressions. Dennis sends her, as his own, the best work of the best English poets. Mr. Joyboy offers to teach her his art. When Aimée, in a state of unbearable indecision between them, commits suicide in Mr. Joyboy's *atelier*, Dennis, for a sum which will return him to England in style, agrees to avert scandal at Whispering Glades by accepting the body of Aimée, now truly a Loved One, at the Happier Hunting Ground, where she is popped into the crematory, discreetly listed as a pet sheep.

This is the story, minus its brilliant, mordant regalia. Evelyn Waugh has handled his repulsive, fractious material with unfaltering suavity, using dualisms in humorous contrast: the Megalo Studios and the Cricket Club; the pets and the Loved Ones; and the exquisitely repellent atmosphere of the Happier Hunting Grounds and Whispering Glades.

As a piece of writing it is nearly faultless; as satire it is an act of devastation, an angry, important, moral effort that does not fail. *The Loved One* is not outrageous but outraged; sickened but not sickening; its macabre humor is the shocked, protective laughter of the civilized man confronted with the unassimilable horror that permits no other means of rejection. JOHN WOODBURN

PORTRAIT IN FILM

CHAPLIN: LAST OF THE CLOWNS, by Parker Tyler. Illustrated with Photographs (Vanguard Press; $3).

PARKER TYLER'S *Chaplin, Last of the Clowns*, has all the virtues and weaknesses of his earlier books. It is an inextricable blend of real depth and false glamor. Reading this book is like riding on a seesaw: at one moment you are fascinated by the author and at the next exceedingly irritated.

Tyler conceives Chaplin as a clown with an alter ego. To support this thesis, he draws heavily on biographical facts, which, in his opinion, indicate that the real Chaplin suffered from a flaw: he grew up in poverty,

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was small of stature and frustrated as a lover. This clown's flaw, symbolized by the clumsy shoes of the Tramp, prevented him from living up to the dream image that possessed him since childhood—an aristocrat who expects of the world leisure, power and love.

Chaplin acquired both fame and wealth, thus realizing parts of the dream self that haunted him. The screen Tramp then became a "power comedian" in real life. And in the course of this career which, however amazing, still denied him the intrinsic fulfilments he longed for, Chaplin felt more and more impelled to examine the moral significance of his Tramp with aristocratic dreams. The "power comedian" developed into an observer of the evil ambiguity within him.

Tyler does not entirely disregard the social implications of Chaplin's last full-length films, but rather views them as acts of self-scrutiny on the part of an artist who has come to realize the dangerous consequences of his dream life. In "The Great Dictator," the Tramp turns out to be not only the "common man," but also Hynkel, the tyrant with the insatiable lust for power. And Monsieur Verdoux would be exactly like Chaplin—the real one *and* the Tramp—if he were not so devoid of heart.

This over-all interpretation grows out of observations which include a number of true finds. I list some at random: Tyler's comparison between "Monsieur Verdoux" and "A Woman of Paris"; his statements on the quality of silence and the function of speech in Chaplin's films; his analysis of the fits of amnesia that befall several characters in them; and, not the least, his brilliant conjecture that the Tramp's garb is intended to represent the image of an adult from the perspective of a child.

And yet the whole is disturbingly fictitious. Throughout this study Chaplin's alleged emotional conflicts serve to explain his films, which, in turn, serve to illuminate his psychological depths. There is a constant overplaying of the relationship between work and biography, while that between the individual and his environment is all but neglected. Tyler, that is, intertwines Chaplin's art and Chaplin's life in a manner which would be justified only if they made up a universe immune to outer contingencies. But neither Chaplin nor any other artist can be isolated from the rest of the world.

Tyler starts from a wrong assumption. He then proceeds to explore what seems to him the complete and unique Chaplin universe with a confidence in his intuition that makes him disdain more pedestrian methods. At the outset, it is true, he promises to be cautious: "The past of Charlie's life can be used for only one purpose: to fill out the patterns self-evident in the great epos which he has contributed to the history of the Clown. . . ." But in his analysis he rarely confines himself to such a prudent use of esthetic and psychological data. Rather, he gives rein to an imagination which barely touches on facts before taking off to the realm of meanings.

This suggests that Tyler's Chaplin-image is largely fantasy. A glance at Chaplin's old comedies reveals it as such. These comedies are threaded with *leitmotifs* which, had Tyler noticed them at all, should have forced him to revise his conception of Chaplin. For instance, the ambiguous figure of the policeman emerges at a very early stage, as does the David-Goliath theme, which he mentions only when it asserts itself overtly in "The Pilgrim." The Tramp is in effect less self-contained and more social-minded than he wants us to believe.

But in his eagerness to identify the artist as a narcissist, Tyler overlooks, or underrates, the many symptoms that plainly point to Chaplin's original concern with society. The result is obvious

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distortion. "The Kid"—poor kid—is expounded in psychoanalytical terms; and the later films are made to appear as outward projections of inner problems. Are they primarily this? It should be obvious to all that they testify to Chaplin's increasing awareness of the world around him. Contrary to what Tyler says, Chaplin outgrows his ego to face the world as it is. And inevitably his Tramp is bound to disappear in a world in which there is no longer a loophole for him to slip in and out as he pleases.

Tyler's Chaplin-image has the consistency of a bubble, which is the more deplorable since he possesses a fine sense of values and an esthetic sensitivity that are extremely rare. What, then, leads him so hopelessly astray? Tyler himself, it seems, is something of a narcissist in his stubborn blindness to all those influences that shape an individual from without. And with the self-indulgence of a narcissist he also rejoices in a display of intellectual pyrotechnics in which the bits of unadulterated insight are outshone by dashing contentions and glittering allusions—allusions to contexts known to the author alone.

Tyler has the stuff of which interpreters are made. To be one, he must learn to listen to what his material may tell him.

SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

HARLEM TEACHER

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND, by Irwin Stark (The Viking Press; $3).

THIS FIRST NOVEL by Irwin Stark, a young New York school teacher, is an encouraging performance. Decidedly it has its faults. It is too long, not because it grows tiresome or because it seems at times a trifle overcrowded with detail, but because the extent of its preoccupation with the sex life of its hero and its record of his spiritual adventures among the liberal and radical ideas of the thirties has a way of overpowering its central theme of a white teacher in a Harlem school.

There are occasions, also, when the novel recalls too clearly other autobiographical narratives of troubled young intellectuals and seems to stem more from them than from actuality. Finally, Stark suffers from the juvenile habit of inserting dirty words; words which, though they fit the dialogue plausibly enough, appear to be set down because the novelist feels he must fulfil some obligation to realism, and not out of any creative necessity.

Such faults, however, are only momentarily annoying in comparison to the very solid virtues of a work that is always alive and is most of the time dramatically absorbing. It is, to repeat, a highly encouraging novel, not only because it shows signs of the coming of a new writing talent but because it handles its grim and ugly theme with freshness, honesty and a kind of tough optimism that is never starry-eyed.

Too frequently pushed into the background by the rush of what must be at least in part the outline of Stark's own youthful struggles, the essential narrative is of an idealistic young teacher's effort to understand and help the embittered Negro students at the Emerson branch of the New York public-school system.

In the end he is superficially a failure. Most of his unwilling pupils are still suspicious of him and regard him as a fatuous and interfering outsider. Johnny Boston, the boy he is most eager to save and make his friend, has killed a Negro detective he hated and has died after a robbery. But basically Matthew Stratton, the instructor, wins his victory. In his heart he knows that he has found his place in the battle.

The conclusion of *The Invisible Island* is sturdily optimistic, not out of any facile triumph on the part of its central figure, but because it shows a man who, knowing the almost insuperable problems he faces, is yet at last prepared to face them to the end. It is a fighting, rather than a glib, romantic or disillusioned, conclusion, and for that reason it is effective.

The characters in Stark's novel do not always come to life, but even when he fails with them, they are the outlines of real men and women, not figures in papier-maché. The author is considerably more successful with his men than with his women, in great part because the sex episodes never become much more than scenes thrown in because they are expected.

The novel does not tip the scales to its purpose: it presents the underprivileged Negro with candor. At least two of its most unattractive characters are Negroes—the brutal detective who beats Johnny Boston and is killed by him, and a ruthless career man in the public-school system. Stark sees that one of the greatest tragedies of the white man's treatment of the Negro is the fact that it has produced a cold, ruthless selfishness as one of the chief protections against it. When he has told in quick and memorable phrases just how the detective and the teacher had become what they were, it is clear that they are as inevitably the victims of the race situation in America as the tragic Johnny Boston, who never forgot his lynched father.

Stark also depicts effectively, in the case of a Negro poet who could no longer write the poems his white public expected of him, a less frequently examined aspect of racism in the United States. That is the patronizing sentimentality that easily becomes a subconscious part of the attitude of the liberal white. Stark's exposition of the tragedy inflicted on the American democratic structure by its maintenance of second-class citizens is valid, believable and compassionate social criticism, as well as moving fiction.

Because of this excellence, the author's scheme of interrupting the most vital part of his story to provide long backward glimpses becomes annoying. Taken by itself, the tale of young Stratton's careful and tentative approach to the social movements of the Roosevelt era is interesting literary history. It has, among other things, the virtue of contemplating the rise and fall of communism among the idealistic young intellectuals of the period sensibly, candidly and without bitterness. But the main business of *The Invisible Island* is the story of the Emerson School, and it is too good to be pushed into the background.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

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THEATRE: A Producer

I BEGAN READING Arthur Hopkins' little series of papers on the theatre, *Reference Point* (Samuel French; $2.50), with a slight impulse to quarrel with him. I ended with a great measure of admiration.

The admiration transcends my pleasure in the excellent things Hopkins has to say about the theatre, though the book is replete with memorable aphorisms. It is an admiration for the spirit of the man—a spirit now all but extinct, not only on Broadway but generally in American life.

The producer today is, all too frequently, not even an honest dilettante. He is usually an ignorant hanger-on who caught a free ride on the merry-go-round which the theatre became during the war. In these years, the producer was no longer a man who wed himself to the theatre for better or worse, a man who had paid court to it through many years of apprenticeship; he was only a man who believed he could make a good thing on the basis of a lucky break, a pick-up affair. Producing plays was no longer a profession, but a racket.

The older generation of producers, of which Arthur Hopkins is one of the few remaining, were an altogether different breed. Even when they were not artists themselves, they were genuine show people with an enthusiasm for their work, a kind of imaginative largesse, a rough and ready quixoticism, which made them true personalities and fit companions for the artists of the stage.

As a commercial producer—without the aid of subscription audiences, guaranteed subsidies of any kind or advance critical blurbs—Arthur Hopkins, a recruit from journalism and vaudeville, came to a theatre that had fallen into a stale provincialism and gave it a new life. He produced Tolstoy's "Living Corpse" ("Redemption"); a season of Ibsen with Nazimova; an interesting Danish play, "The Deluge," which failed twice but brought Pauline Lord to New York; Gorky's "Lower Depths," also twice tried and both times unsuccessful; "Richard III"; "The Jest"; "Hamlet" with John Barrymore; "What Price Glory?"; "Anna Christie." Under Hopkins' management, Robert Edmond Jones, one of the few authentic scenic artists of the American stage, did his first important work.

I go into this ancient history (theatrically the early twenties seem eons away) because very little is remembered in the American theatre. This failure of memory—which is an indifference to everything that does not produce the immediate buck—is one of the reasons why, despite the never failing flow of talent onto our stage, so little of value is ever *built* in our theatre, so little remains. We are forever beginning over again from the first step.

Such people as Hopkins, however, are themselves a little to blame for this. He who speaks so beautifully of the past, whose tribute to the vaudevillians is as sound as it is touching, emphasizes "feeling," "inspiration" and other such intangibles above everything else, and speaks almost contemptuously of craft and stage technique. This is destructive doctrine. It represents the "mystic's" (or amateur's) negligence of means. It is a confusion that mistakes the small change of trivial effects and petty tricks for the real technique that helps "love"—rightly stressed by Hopkins—to function.

As long as consciousness in the theatre is regarded as dross, as long as all discipline, method and organization are held to be fruitless, and only "genius" and other God-given virtues are dutifully prayed for, so long will the American theatre continue to deteriorate. Without the "religious" (inspirational) element, there can be no ultimate value in art; with

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nothing but a trust in this element, there can be neither religion nor art.

Hopkins' sensibility is superior to his mind. Too many in the theatre today have substituted shrewdness for mind and possess only as much sensibility as will pay. My hat is off and my gratitude profound to the American producer who, in 1948, writes in all sincerity, "There is a great difference between feeling that a work must be right and that it must succeed. If success had been the goal, little of the world's art would have been created." All honor to Arthur Hopkins!

HAROLD CLURMAN

RADIO: Local News

INSTEAD OF VISITING the scene of the crime, as I did when the Republicans assembled in Philadelphia, I convened with the Democrats over my receiving sets. Sometimes I used radio and television simultaneously. You get mighty queer effects when you shut off the voice channel on your television set and let the radio commentator supply the background to the scene appearing on the "screen." Or, you can just turn off all the noise and see how foolish the man on television looks as he throws himself into his act. It's a bizarre sport, but so is a convention.

Fantasy has crept into New York local radio, and it's standing dish-night on its head. The quizmaster of a new WNEW program is Jack Barry, the producer of Mutual's "Juvenile Jury," who recently substituted "Life Begins at 80" as a summer replacement for the tot show. He's doing another switch on "You Can Lose Your Shirt," where guests, instead of winning prizes for answering questions correctly, pay for guessing wrong.

At his première, for instance, Barry lined up Bennett Cerf of Random House-Modern Library; a confectioner whose advertisements are known to New York subway riders by the slogan, "Don't talk, chum; chew Topp's gum"; and the owner of a celebrated restaurant chain. Each of these gentlemen had to show that he had $100 in cash on his person. Each time he missed a question, he paid at rates ranging from $10 to $50.

Everybody connected with the show kicks back his salary, earnings or commissions. That includes the station, which gives the time gratis. Even the sponsor, a distributor of washing machines, contributes to the kitty. Whoever answers the jackpot question nominates the charity which is to receive all the swag.

WNEW is a highly profitable enterprise, grossing $2,500,000 annually. The station has been called radio's Giant Jukebox, yet it is also one of the very top public-service-program producers. A few years ago, WNEW put the American Negro Theatre on the air, thus being the first American station to establish the principle that the microphone knows no color. Later, it promoted the "Little Songs on Big Subjects" that adapted the commercial jingle to the cause of tolerance. "Lose Your Shirt" is intended purely as satire, but it could stand copying.

Being in a homey mood, I want to pay tribute this week to one other local station, WNYC. Back around 1924, Grover Whalen, New York's perpetual greeter, decided that some of his welcomes ought to be broadcast. He persuaded reluctant politicians to ante up some money for a radio station. Until Fiorello H. LaGuardia became Mayor, in 1933, WNYC was, like most other municipal stations, the voice of the backroom boys—in this case, Tammany.

LaGuardia brought in two men who transformed WNYC's transmitter into a people's outlet. Morris S. Novik (he now heads the FM setup for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union) and Seymour N. Siegel gave this local station a national reputation. WNYC is non-commercial; it

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is subsidized by the city, and its budget is small. But Novik and Siegel have done wonders with their shoestring.

Through the years, they have developed much fine talent that has since gone into the commercial field. If you want names, I give you WNEW's program vice-president, Ted Cott; producer-director-writer Mitchell Grayson; and, for a change of style, Jack Benny's Dennis Day. Siegel, WNYC's program head since LaGuardia's third day as mayor, is now its director.

From time to time, "agony" shows, offering free medical, legal or even psychiatric advice, have appeared on the air. Stations or networks broadcasting such shows defend the fare by asserting that there is no reason why trained professionals in medicine, psychiatry or social work should "monopolize" those fields. Now one such show, Mutual's "Alexander's Mediation Board," has proved a point about this type of "social work."

Last Christmas, the "Mediation Board," had a guest with a sad story. The man said he had once been in jail. Should he tell his children? Alexander and his board advised that he should not. During the program, it developed that the forlorn guest was broke. No direct appeal was made, but he received from listeners $13,500 in cash, plus 2,200 boxes of clothing.

Now Alexander, aided by New York State's Attorney General, has asked a court to appoint a special guardian to protect $2,250 in the interests of the jailbird's ten-year-old son. That's about all there is of the $13,500—and no one knows what happened to the clothing. It turns out that the man whose "agony" Alexander sponsored on the air had a police record dating back to 1917. At the time of the broadcast he was under indictment for second-degree larceny and forgery.

It is to Alexander's credit that he is trying, as he says, to salvage "the faith of the radio contributors." But if listeners would back the reputable social-welfare organizations that have always protested this type of programming, they would not have their faith so rudely tested. SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Troubled Times

FAITHFUL to its responsibilities and unintimidated by the constables of church or state, the picture industry continues to battle on the social barricades. In this summer of coups d'état, assassination, war and the threat of war, Hollywood has discovered that crime never pays and that history has inflicted a vile libel on the memory of the American Indian.

The alarming message sent us by J. Edgar Hoover in the preface to "The Street with No Name" is that America is threatened by gangsterism of unprecedented ferocity. On the dark and evil street that stretches from ocean to ocean, the underworld struts and sneers and slaps its girl friends, while the country is lulled into a sense of false security by headlines announcing the bombing of Jerusalem or the siege of Berlin.

"The Street with No Name," it says, was made with the coöperation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. On internal evidence, you might suppose it had been filmed at the point of a G-man's gun. As a cops-and-robbers extravagance, it would be a good, if stubbornly routine, job.

Its special distinction is that it pauses every few minutes for an illustrated lecture on the internal operations of the FBI. We learn how agents are trained; we are assured that they represent the finest in American manhood. We watched with benumbed fascination the smooth progress of clues through the infallible digestion of modern criminology. The fingerprint section alone seems as big as Central Park and my thumbs itch with the uneasy knowledge that they also have not been overlooked. Hoover himself never appears, but his words spill like Holy Writ from the teletype.

The mobsters in this instance are an exceedingly sharp bunch of boys. They move like cats and plan their forays against society with the farsighted efficiency of SHAEF. I don't know how effective "The Street" will be in discouraging crime. I came out of the theatre myself arrogant in the knowledge that my heater was safely strapped beneath my double-breasted pin-stripe jacket. If I'd been a few years younger, I think I'd have gone rat-a-tat-tat at a passing patrol car.

For those currently planning to break out of jail, "Canon City" should be a healthy deterrent. It is a faithful documentary report of a real jail break that took place in that Western penitentiary town last December; and it proves that such ventures are not worth the gamble. It also proves that the best melodrama comes out of the fevered imagination of hired writers.

As a layman, I hesitate to criticize the plan of operation adopted by the Canon City inmates, but it seems impractical to me to attempt an escape in the dead of winter without adequate clothing and with no provision for transportation. No doubt that's the way it happened, but the consequent suspense was not unendurable.

In "Raw Deal," to complete the crime report, the hero gets out of jail fine because he's had the sense to have his girl friend meet him in a good, reliable car. The two of them would have made it OK, but a well-intentioned young lady reformer joins the act, and the fugitive gets himself killed rescuing her from a pyromaniac gang leader. It's not only crime that doesn't pay.

The Redskin, whose character was warmly defended in "Fort Apache," is again done belated justice in "Fury at Furnace Creek." This is about the villainy of some silver speculators who provoke the tribesmen into committing a massacre so that they will be kicked off the reservation and the land declared open to exploitation. It also concerns Victor Mature's efforts to redeem the good name of his father, an army general believed to have had

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guilty knowledge of the plot. By and large, "Furnace Creek" is a good Western with plenty of hard riding and trick gunplay, and with a love affair of William S. Hart propriety.

The French are still shipping us films designed to prove that they resisted the Germans. The latest, "A Friend Will Come Tonight," takes place in an insane asylum and, quite literally, it is impossible to separate the lunatics from the Maquis. Michel Simon, who stars in it but who has curiously little to do with it, is being exploited these days in a manner calculated to reduce his drawing power to the vanishing point.

Since the effect of self-pity is to diminish the compassion of others, it is possible to sit through the genuinely heartbreaking story of "The Illegals" comparatively unmoved. This is a documentary account of the underground journey (which the narrative persists in calling an exodus) that thousands of Jews have made from Eastern Europe to the coast of Palestine, there to be shunted off into the stockades of Cyprus.

Of course, it really is an exodus and, of course, the parallel with the bitter history of the Old Testament is inescapable. But the picture does not help its cause by insisting upon its heroic tragedy nor by setting its commentary to the lugubrious cadences of the Hebrew scribes.

As a piece of film making, "The Illegals" suffers from the monotony and repetition of literal truth. Every step of the road must be memorable to those who followed it; to the rest of us, one border, one camp, one convoy of trucks looks much like another. As pamphleteering, the picture fails even more because it seems to be watching for our tears.

An old film at present playing a return run on Broadway is billed on the marquee as an "encore première." A little more of this sort of thing and we'll be back learning the grunt language from the apes.

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Doing Fine, Thanks

SIR: My heart was wrung as I read in your issue of May 24 about the hardships the English people are suffering. But then I suddenly came to, and realized that Mr. Whiteside must be writing about *me.* After all, I came here two years ago, with my wife and three small children, and we've lived on British rations ever since. All of us are well, and all have put on weight.

How is it done? I give top marks to the British government for the fairness with which it has distributed the available food. Children are priority No. 1. All of ours go to school, and get milk and a hot lunch off the ration. In addition, the baby of our family gets an oversize milk ration, and a special issue of orange juice and cod-liver oil every month. Of course, it's fun to hop over to Paris and eat the whopping black-market meals they serve there, but we'd rather do without them and get our pleasure from the rosy faces of English children. Incidentally, like 90 percent of the people here, we've never bought anything on the black market and don't intend to.

Are we particularly lucky? Not a bit of it. The latest health statistics show that both infant mortality and the general death rate are at their lowest level in British history.

London, England DAVID C. WILLIAMS

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SIR: Three years have passed since our armies liberated thousands of anti-Nazis from . . . Hitler's concentration camps.

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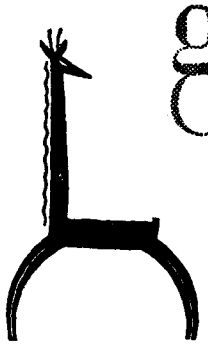

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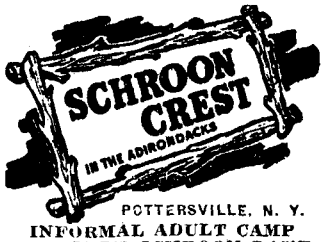

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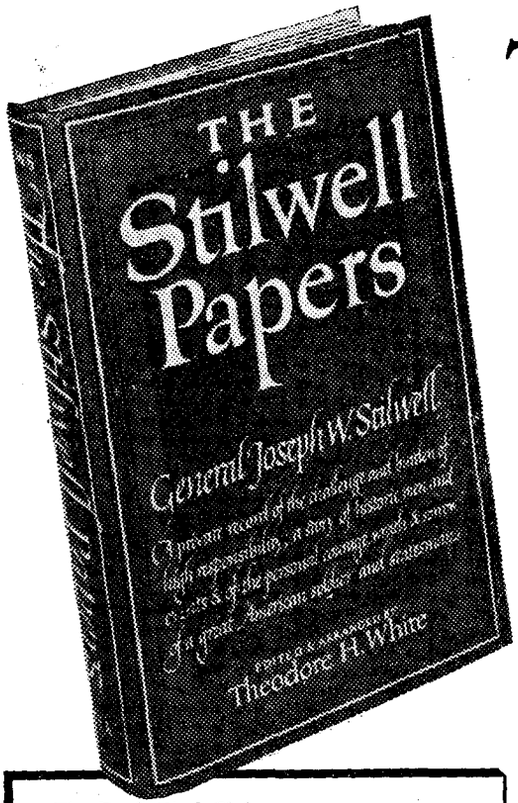

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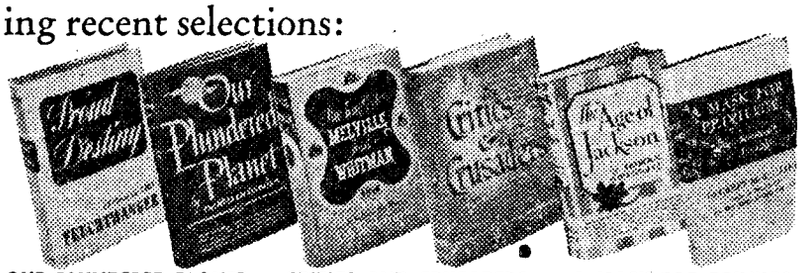

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